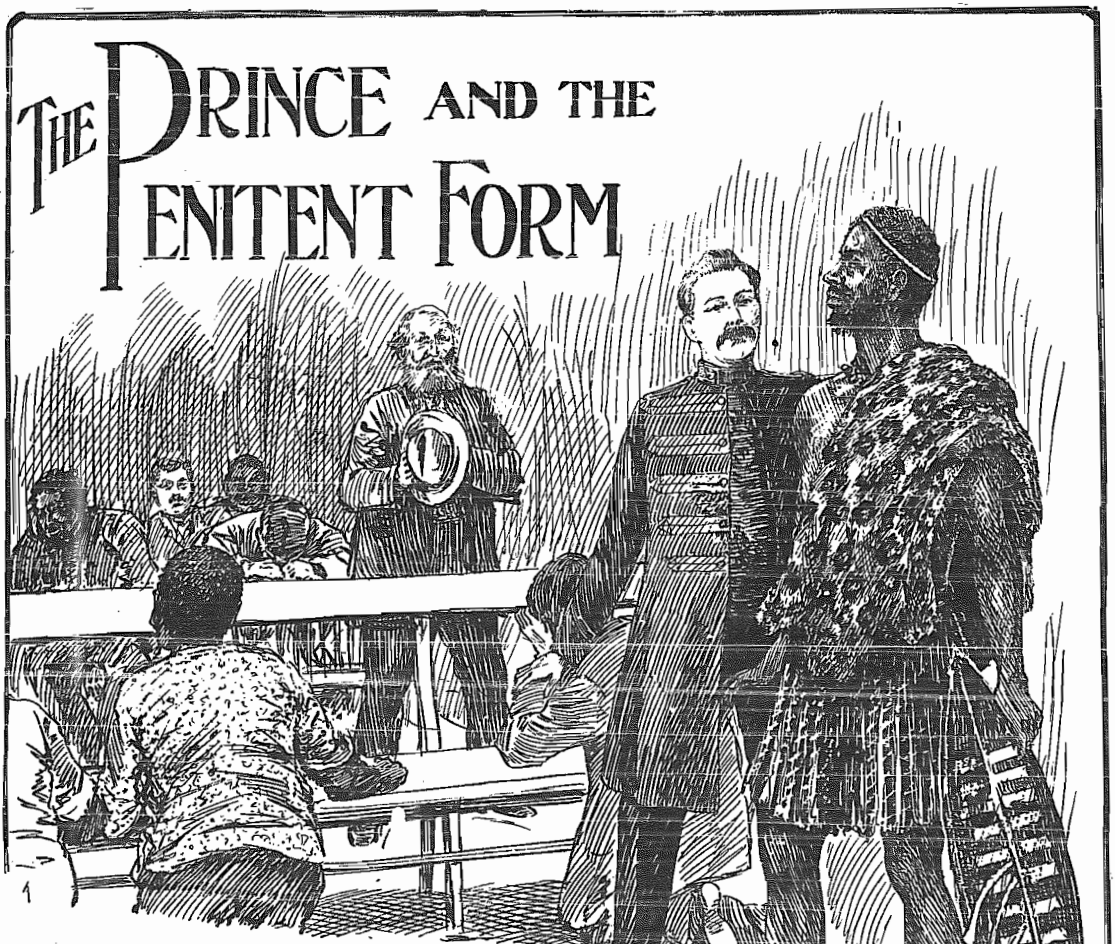
THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

17th Year. No. 2. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1900. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.

THE PRINCE AND THE PENITENT FORM



[A Zulu prince was dealt with about his soul, and seemed very much hurt at the suggestion that he should "KNEEL AT THE PENITENT-FORM."—War Cry Report.]

WHY should he bow who had been born a prince of Zulu's royal race?
And at an Army form, indeed! he surely would be out of place.
Why should he bow, who always had received the bows of meaner men?
The Army surely was of God—but then!—but then!—
And so he want his haughty way, though dark his skin and low his race;
His only chance, may be, was lost—God's invitation out of place.

Ah, reader! as you scan these lines, and feel indifferent, as you can;
"He MAY have bowed," you merely say: God speaks to you: "THOU ART THE MAN!"
Had YOU but bowed you might have been a power for good; a help to-day
To thousands groping in the dark, who would be led to Christ, the Way.
Your soul was purchased by His blood, so you should bow before His face
Lest, like the Zulu prince, you find God's invitation out of place!

P.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

ABOUT HUSBANDS: THEIR PRIVILEGES AND DUTIES.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

BY THE GENERAL.

10. A TRUE SALVATION HUSBAND WILL AFFORD HIS WIFE, SO FAR AS HE HAS POWER TO DO SO, EVERY REASONABLE OPPORTUNITY FOR EXERCISING HER GIFTS IN SALVATION WORK. Now, when a woman links her faith to that of her husband, she does not forego or sacrifice any of those natural rights with which she has been endowed by her Lord, and of which she finds herself possessed. No change in her earthly position, and no fresh human relationships into which she can come, can deprive her of these rights. She cannot contract herself out of them. They are hers so long as she remains below. Look at a few of them. She has a natural right—

(a) To believe what appears to her to be the truth.

(b) To love and to obey God.

(c) To save her soul.

(d) To act as her conscience shall dictate with regard to important questions of duty.

(e) To exercise the gifts God has given her for effecting the salvation of others so far as she has opportunity for doing so, and when that exercise does not interfere with the duties she owes to her husband and her family.

NO INTERFERENCE.

Now, no husband, at the peril of his own soul, and of bringing condemnation on the soul of his wife, must dare to ask her to sacrifice these rights, or to neglect the obligations that spring out of them. I have said before that, after her own salvation, a wife's first duties contemplate the holiness and happiness of her own home. But when, as I have shown elsewhere, the discharge of those duties can be arranged for without serious loss to anyone, she is as free to testify for Christ and to fight for souls as she was before she was married, and woe be to the husband who stands in the way of her doing so! It were better for him that a millstone were fastened round his neck, and he were cast into the midst of the sea!

But I am sorry to say that this serious offence is very commonly committed. Are there not many women—I have known some—who have abilities that might be envied in heaven for leading sinners to the Cross, which church arrangements or prudential family consideration, or, I fear, in some cases, husbandly jealousies, have consigned to silence, while, on the other hand, I have known a multitude of women whose voices, that once were heard above the clatter of the world, ringing out the message of mercy like the clarion of the Flying Angel, winning crowds to the Master's feet, are now next door to silent, or only heard now and then?

HOW WOMEN ARE SILENCED.

This closing of the mouth of women is sometimes effected by commands directly spoken; in other cases by persuasion; while again and again I have no doubt that it comes about by petty, secret persecutions that secure the end desired by making the wife understand that her husband would prefer that she would look after her private duties—which means, very largely, that she should live for his particular gratification alone, and leave the responsibility of public effort for the salvation of souls to him.

Sometimes this silence of woman on the platform, and her retirement from public work for God, is brought to pass—and not uncommonly, I am afraid—by the loss of her own particular love for it. She marries, and is carried away by her new position, relationship, and duties. They win and absorb her attention. The expulsive power of a new, or inferior, affection is proved in her case—the new, the wifely, love destroys the passion for souls enjoyed before. [illegible] more of this by-and-bye.

11. THE TRUE HUSBAND WILL CARE FOR AND WATCH OVER THE SOUL OF HIS WIFE. It seems as though this sentiment needed no expression. It sounds like an insult to say it to Salvationists, or any within Salvation hearing, given that they make any pretension to the membership of the great company of saints. But, alas! there are, I fear, many who, while wonderfully zealous for the sinners in the world, and the saints in their own societies, neglect to deal faithfully and to guardian carefully the saints and soldiers of their own household; and, what seems the most impossible of all, they neglect the souls of their own wives. This should not be.

I have said that the wife will care for the husband's soul. I shall repeat that assertion, and have something to say upon it, when I come to talk about the duties of wives. I now want to have a word as to the husband's duty to his wife in the same direction. Is he to cherish her person, care for her temporal well-being, and find his highest satisfaction in her society for years, and yet all the time neglect anything like earnest, determined effort to keep her walking with God and prepared for heaven? It seems impossible.

Who can describe the tremendous influence which a husband, who is loved and cared for, gradually comes to exercise over his wife? She will go down before him almost to adoration. His will is her law; his example the pattern of her life; his opinions stand to her for infallible truth; his interests are her own; his frown is her torture, and his smile her delight; indeed, in a thousand cases she comes to feel that heaven would be hell without him, and hell would be heaven if he were there.

The world is full of instances of this absorption by the husband of all that is sacred in the woman's soul. If he goes right, she does right; if he goes wrong, like a lamb led to the slaughter and a sheep before its shearers is dumb, so does she follow him. What a glorious thing when anything approaching the influence arising out of this possession by the husband of every love and passion of the woman's being is used to lead and keep her in the way of usefulness—the way that leads to heaven! But how awful the consequences to the poor wife, and how tremendously heavy the condemnation that must rest on the husband, who exerts this influence to the diminishing of her zeal, the narrowing of her sphere of usefulness; nay, a darker consequence still—backsliding, despair and everlasting woe!

THE RATTLESNAKE TEMPTER.

And yet I have known husbands, in my Army experience, who have come very near, if they have not reached, this description in all its blackness of darkness. As the rattlesnake first fascinates the innocent humming-bird and then devours its prey, so these individuals of whom we are speaking attract and ensnare the woman, in the full zenith of spiritual power and prosperity, promising all the liberty she enjoys and more. They tell her of the freedom from care they will bring her, and talk of the companion of soul that she shall enjoy, and so they win her; and, when won, the only difference between them and their victim, and the rattlesnake and his, comes to this—that the rattlesnake devours his victim, and they keep theirs shut up in a cage of their own home, almost, if not altogether, for the purpose of ministering to their indulgence and needs.

Oh, how many a woman might say to her husband, "Before I knew you, I was a pure, simple, believing soul. I only lived to love and serve God and to do good to man, until you came into my circle and won my affections. But you, by your secret unbelief, your zeal in public, and your indifference in private, have gone far to destroy my faith in Christian men and women; have all but made me an infidel; have all but ruined my soul!" Will any wife read these pages whose testimony of her husband's character will at all justify so terrible an indictment as that?

(To be continued.)

Essence of Experience.

Do not expect to remove obstacles without moving yourself.

Christianity goes forth to embrace all men. It tolerates nothing that degrades mankind.

Of how many may it be said, the saloon is their temple, the bar-tender their priest, and their belly their god.

Predestined as we are to enjoy the infinite, the infinite is our want, and we pursue it everywhere.

The higher we rise, the more isolated we become; all elevations are cold.

If contemplation were the "all" of our religion, it would be no better than the best philosophy.

Set no bourne, no limits, around thy life, as of a sty, sufficient merely for the functions of eating and sleeping; but be a lord of a fair and spacious domain—a lord discerning and performing, by wisdom and by right.

There is a religion that babbles like a brook, because it is not deep—being shallow it is soon stirred. There is also a religion, deep, cool, constant. In such natures truth and love are there, as in a well.

There is much of the conduct of present-day commercialism and capitalism which is nothing but a golden devilry, and would be scorned as one should scorn the devil; only it is lucrative.

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XXII.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

With the death of Pompeius fell the hopes of the friends of the old Government. But Cæsar meant to reduce the East first ere he returned to Rome. Egypt was ruled by a weak lad, whose sister, Cleopatra, who was a very beautiful woman, was joined with him on the throne. Cæsar demanded the money owing to Rome by Egypt. Pharaoh refused, and Cæsar, with his small force, was shut up in a quarter of Alexandria. He burned the Egyptian fleet so that it might not stop reinforcements coming from Syria, and tried to take the Isle of Pharos with the lighthouse. His ship sank, however, and he saved himself by swimming to shore.

As soon as the Syrian forces reached him he attacked the young King, who was drowned, and had Egypt at his mercy.

Cleopatra, who was determined to have an interview with Cæsar, had herself carried into his room in a roll of carpet. She so charmed him that he placed her on the throne of Egypt as Queen. He remained three months, collecting money, then sailed for Tarsus to repulse an attack upon the Roman settlements in Asia Minor. He routed the enemy and killed Pharnaces, the leader, in battle. His success was announced to the Senate at Rome in the historic sentence: "Veni, vidi, vici"—I came, I saw, I conquered.

He was for the second time appointed Dictator, and returned to Rome; but he took away the estates of his opponents without taking their lives. A party of Parthians, who had followed Pompeius in Africa, were defeated. Cato and his son took their own lives. Upon his return to Rome all opposition had vanished.

So rejoiced was Rome to fear no proscription, that temples were dedicated to Cæsar's clemency, and his image was to be carried in procession with those of the gods. He was named Dictator for ten years, and was received with four triumphs—over the Gauls, over the Egyptians, over Pharnaces, and over Juba, an African King who had aided Cato. A banquet was given at his cost to the whole of the Roman people, and the shows of gladiators and beasts surpassed all that had ever been seen. Still, however, he had to go to Spain to reduce the sons of Pompeius. They were defeated in battle, the elder was killed, but Cæcus, the younger, held out in the mountains and hid himself among the natives.

After this, Cæsar returned to Rome to carry out his plans. He was Dictator for ten years and Consul for five, and was also Imperator or Commander of an army he was not made to disband, so that he nearly was as powerful as any king; and, as he saw that such an enormous domain as Rome now possessed could never be governed by two magistrates changing every year, he prepared matters for there being one ruler. The influence of the Senate, too, he weakened very much by naming a great many persons to it of no rank or distinction, till there were nine hundred members. He also made an immense number of new citizens, and he caused a great survey to be begun by Roman officers in preparation for properly arranging the provinces, governments, and tribute; and he begun to have the laws drawn up in regular order. In fact, he was one of the greatest men the world has ever produced, not only as a conqueror, but as a statesman and ruler.

He was learned in all philosophy and science, and his history of his wars in Gaul has come down to our times. As a high Patrician by birth, he was Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest, and thus had to fix all the festival days in each year. Now the year had been supposed to be only three hundred and fifty-five days long, and the Pontifex put in another month or several days whenever he pleased, so that there was great confusion, and the feast days for the harvest and vintage came, according to the calendar, three months too early.

To set this to rights, since it was now understood that the length of the year was three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, Cæsar and the scientific men who assisted him, devised the fresh arrangement which we call leap year, adding a day to the three hundred and sixty-five once in four years. Another work of his was restoring Corinth and Carthage, which had both been ruined the same year, and now were both re-founded in the same year.

But there was much to shock old Roman feelings in his conduct. Cleopatra had followed him to Rome, and he was thinking of putting away his wife to marry her. But his keeping the Dictatorship was the real grievance, and the remains of the old party in the Senate could not bear that the Patrician freedom of Rome should be lost. Every now and then his flatterers offered him a royal crown and hailed him as king, though he always refused it, and this title still stirred up bitter hatred.

He was preparing an army, intending to march into the further East, avenge Crassus' defeat on the Parthians, and march where no one but Alexander had made his way; and if he came back victorious from thence, nothing would be able to stand against him.

The plotters then resolved to strike before he set out. Caius Cassius was the chief conspirator, and with him was Marcus Brutus, the husband of Porcia, Cato's daughter, also another Brutus named Decimus, hitherto a friend of Cæsar. These and twelve more agreed to murder Cæsar on the 15th of March, called in the Roman calendar the Ides of March, when he went to the senate-house.

Warnings came to him about that special day. His wife dreamt so terrible a dream that he had almost yielded to her entreaties to stay at home, when Decimus Brutus came in and laughed him out of it. He was carried to the senate-house in a litter, and as he went up the steps he said to the augur Spurius,

"The Ides of March are come."

"Yes, Cæsar," was the answer; "but they are not passed."

A few steps further on, one of the conspirators met him with a petition, and the others joined in it, clinging to his robe and his neck, till another caught his toga and pulled it over his arms, and then the first blow was struck with a dagger. Cæsar struggled at first as all fifteen tried to strike at him, but, when he saw the hand uplifted of his treacherous friend, Decimus, he exclaimed, "Thou too, Brutus"—drew his toga over his head, and fell dead at the foot of the statue of Pompeius.

HEROES OF THE CROSS.

V.—Frances Willard, the Apostle of the White Ribbon.

[Taken from an Address by Lady Henry Somerset at the Recent World's W. C. T. U. Convention.]

(Concluded.)

And then she had the wonderful art of praise. I have heard her blamed for praising too much, but I think it was a Divine instinct in her that made her understand that the human heart is far more apt to be self-depreciating than really proud, that the most boastful people are sometimes at bottom the most uncertain of themselves, and that they put, as it were, all their wares in the window, because they realize that there is nothing behind. And Frances Willard knew that praise was humbling, and that when people heard her speak of them as though they were able to fulfil something or do something, there went up a great desire that they might be worthy of what she thought them; and in nine cases out of ten, I venture to say, her praise was the very best medicine to the individual soul.

Her Persistence in Work.

And then there was her persistence in work, and her unflagging, heroic sacrifice to duty. With her there were no fringes of time; she set herself a task, and realized that for so many hours a day she must fulfil it.

No one enjoyed the small happiness of life more than she, the sweet, sunny hours in a garden, the happy leisure to stroll and talk, the favorite poet, and above all, the daily newspaper; and yet I know of no one who would lay all aside and sacrifice everything, in order to accomplish the work that was before her, who would persistently leave on a summer evening the most beautiful view, the most glorious sunset, and set with her back to mountains that she could never hope to see again, because she did not want even the temptation of losing the hour in which she felt that the speech had to be written, or the work done for the newspaper or the magazine that was to reach those for whom she labored.

To be "about her Father's business" always seemed to be the mainspring of her life. But it was a tender, human life, appealing in its physical weakness often, leaning on others as one would consider scarcely conceivable in one so strong in character; dependent for little things, and recognizing her dependence; incapable of meeting the burden of life alone, clinging like a child, trustful, wistful, and weak, in all her wonderful strength.

But, perhaps, the most Christ-like characteristic of Frances Willard was

Her Power of Forgiveness.

I know of no one who felt more acutely the bitterness of ingratitude, the heart-ache of a slight, or the stab of an enemy, more than she. I have often seen her lip quiver as she read a letter, and her hand tremble, and I have realized how profoundly the human pain and disappointment entered her soul; and yet, after a moment's struggle, she would look up and say, "I want to feel as if I were ready to put a kiss upon her forehead, and when I know I can, then I shall feel that I am able to act." It was the Christ instinct that she had, to attain to absolute forgiveness, to find the right relationship between herself and the one who had injured her before she could truly bring her gifts to the altar of God's service; and over and over again I have known her devise some little way, by which she could get out of her routine of life, or make herself some extra trouble to say or write the word, or do the act, that would make the one who had injured her feel that all was as though it had not been. It was the most perfect instance I have ever met, of a rule of love governing and guiding conduct. And yet, all the while, it was from no altitude, no crushed-out human feeling, that she acted. I can see her now put up her face, and looking up, say, "Why did she do it?" Just as a child cries when it has been harshly treated, and it was this absolute harmony between the human and the heavenly in her that made her

"A creature not too good
For human nature's daily food,"

and kept that beautiful balance which is God's intention, for the same divine Spirit made

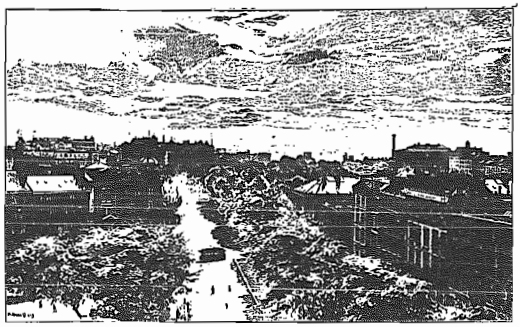
Christ All Man and All God.

I do not want to-day to speak of the clearer vision with which she saw the things which people sometimes call "secular"; how she was the pioneer prophetess of religion in politics, in that great land of America; how she inspired the women of all lands to understand that there was, in the very act of voting for the laws of any country, a sacred charge, holy and high and true; how she saw that by evolution, and not by revolution, must come that wider liberty which God destined for humanity; how she realized that the power of the liquor traffic, which had so encroached upon the liberties of civil life, must be crushed, and that the life must be taken from it, that it must be left powerless, dead—if the evil of intemperance was to be dealt with. How jealously she guarded the freedom of her country, and how she dreaded any encroachment on liberty that might come of it, even in the name of liberty itself! How she realized that the Church of God could not be limited to any denomination or section, but that it was as wide as the spirit of Christ Himself, and could no more be shut in than the sunshine!

To some there comes the consciousness of certain wrongs or ills to be redressed; but in the mind of Frances Willard there was an all-prevailing sense that wherever there was wrong, there right must come. She was not a spirit set at liberty in certain directions, she was free-born.

Our prayer must be, that to us be given the spirit-seeing faculty which gives us the power to realize how near is her transfigured soul who has cast mortality away and who stands face to face with reality. How near this spiritual companionship, this spiritual protection; this light from the Unseen which shines about us perpetually. Thus the life beyond changes for us its aspect, and we ask, with Bishop Phillips Brooks, not "Where shall I be when I am dead?" but "What shall I be?"

And so, faithfully believing more than we know, we, to-day, work on and work upward, and the way is lighter and the road less steep, and heaven nearer because God gave us Frances Willard.



VIEW OF HAMBURG, GERMANY.

Speaking the Truth.

Many people seem to think it of very little consequence whether the truth is spoken or not. They tell a half-truth, and feel self-congratulatory, and as if they had acquitted themselves nobly, although there are occasions when a half-truth is more deadly than a falsehood, which can be run down, ferreted out, and disposed of. But if we leave Truth at the bottom of the well, there will remain no reality in existence; everything will resolve itself into an unlovely mirage; there will be no such things in all the universe as friendship, love, and honor; yet we might judge from the conduct of many that they fancied that they could get along very well without their good offices. At times truth is really in their way, and they would like to avoid any familiarity with her and yet be able to command her services when it should suit their convenience; to have, in fact, only a bowing acquaintance with her, which might be ripened into closer intimacy if occasion demanded it. But "the eternal years of God are hers;" there is no escaping her, after all. We may dodge her here and there, refuse to acknowledge her supremacy, but sooner or later we are obliged to confront her, and profess her greatness, her loveliness, her infinity.

GRAND CANON AND LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER.

ESSENCE OF Earnest Men's Thoughts

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

A people of whom it was demanded that all should be saints, naturally cannot worship saints.

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and his noblest acquisition. It is that ray of Divinity which dignifies humanity.

A lie ten times repeated finds often hundreds of believers; a truth must be heralded hundreds of times before it wins ten confessors.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

God cannot deliver us from bondage unless we desire Him to; therefore He must permit pressure to come upon us in one way or another, so as to bring us to the point of asking Him to do for us what He has been ready and able to do all the time.

The majority of men are lost, not because they are criminals, but fools; not because they sought wickedness, but drifted into it; not because they purposed folly, but simply because they never had a wise and enduring purpose.

Here is a good notice for a church door: "Missing last Sunday, several families from service. Anyone recovering the above 'shall in no wise lose his reward.'"

Whatever God undertakes He carries out royally in the face of all men. Israel would only have been too glad to get away from their taskmasters in any condition; but when God leads forth His people it shall be in triumph, by a mighty hand and by a stretched-out arm!

Sir Isaac Newton, in the true spirit of humility, spoke of himself, at the close of his life, as a "child who had spent time in gathering pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean lay untraversed." It is said that Mozart, just before he died, exclaimed, "Now I begin to see what might have been done in music!"

Fear, above all things else, enfeebles the vigour of man's actions, supplants decision by vacillation, and opens the road to error. When one seeks counsel of one's fears judgment ceases to obtrude advice. Courage, on the other hand, is universally recognized as the manliest of all human attributes; it nerves its possessor for resolute attempts, and equips him for putting forth his supreme efforts.

If good people would make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many they would win to the good cause.

A WORD
TO THOSE WHO WEEP.

[These thoughts are suggested by noticing the many comrades who, of late, have been called to pass through seasons of sorrow. They are sent forth with the earnest prayer that my dear sorrowing comrades may find some comfort in them.—Jos. Parker, Ensign.]

"He will cover thee with his feathers"—Psalm.

"Afflictions are but the shadow of God's wing."
—George McDonald.

OFTEN, in my reading, I stumble on what, to my mind, seem to be rare gems; some sparkle with that light that makes the eye gazing upon them flash fire, and the heart leap with gladness. Others, of that soft, sweet radiance that soothes the crushed spirit, and, like the soft twilight of a glorious evening, whisper peace, after the rough tossing of a tempestuous day. And it is to those who have been in the windy storm and tempest I would particularly address these few words.

Dear suffering, afflicted one, will you look at the two quotations at the head of this writing. Meditate on them, pray over them, and see if they do not contain a balm for your wound, a healing for your bruise, a remedy for your heartache. Will you let me say just a few words to you?

1st. God Knows.

Perhaps one of the hardest things for a traveler, who has lost his way in the dark, or the prairie cyclone, or the tangled forest, is the thought that no one knows his sad plight, no one knows the danger he is in. He may shout, but only the mocking echo answers him; he may weep, but none weep with him; he may go mad with despair, none know it. Months, years afterwards, some, by chance, may stumble over his bleached bones lying there, and that be the first indication to the world that a man had perished there, all because no one knew.

But, remember, sorrowing one, no forest deep, or inky cloud, or blackest mantle of sorrow can hide thee from the eye of Him Who sitteth in the heavens. He knows your sorrows. God Incarnate trod the path of deepest woe. He drank the bitter cup to its dregs, and at last the heart-strings snapped amidst the cursing and reviling of a maddened crowd whom He loved unto the death. No one can hide thy need from God. He knows.

2nd. God Cares.

Pen cannot write this with sufficient emphasis. Tongue cannot utter the deep meaning. This truth is uttered by Moses in his laws and penalties, rings out sweetly in the Psalms of David, is spoken in tender, pathetic language by Isaiah, wailed out by Jeremiah in lamentations over a lost and straying people, and blazes forth as the noonday sun amid the darkness surrounding Calvary, as in the midst of that awful storm of human hate, Jesus prays, "Father, forgive them." Yes, God cares. To the guilty pair in Eden He promised a Saviour. To Moses, called to take the leadership of a great people, He said, "Certainly I will be with thee." The weak young man unable to stand He took by the hand and lifted him up. By the graveside of Lazarus He wept. The guilty harlot He forgave. No, no, soul, thy sorrow cannot be too deep, thy sin too dark in hue for God to care for thee. "He careth for thee." 'Tis written on the heavens. 'Tis sounded through the earth. The rustle of waving grain fields promise thee food.

The bleating woolly flocks assure thee clothing, the hum of the bee promise thee sweetness, and ten thousands of little feathered songsters make thy music; while the starry heavens teach thee there are brighter things above and remind thee of an eternity of brightness by their form. A little child threw its arms about me the other day, and gave me a very hearty hug, saying, "I love you all that."

Sorrowful one, don't despair; God Almighty casts ten thousand mercies at thy feet and throwing the arms of Omnipotence around thee, whispers in thine ear, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

3rd. God is Thy Refuge.

"Afflictions are but the shadow of His wings." The mother bird sees the cruel hawk circling in the heavens, ready to destroy the little chicks. She sends forth the warning cry, they rush to her, and nestle 'neath her wings and feel safe. So, sorrowing one, the darkness is but the protecting wing that covers thee. God saw the dangers you did not see. He saw the cruel one seeking to destroy thee, in the bright sunlight of prosperity and earthly joys, and in love He put His wings over thee. True, 'tis dark, but thou art one of His hidden ones. Trust Him, wait patiently, and by-and-bye, the darkness and danger past, He will lift His wings, and thou and thy loved ones, whom thou hast parted with so sorrowfully here, will re-unite and dwell in life and light eternal.

A Flame of Fire.

The Life of William Bramwell.

(Abridged.)

By EDWARD KELLEY.

Under the above well-chosen title, M. W. Knapp, of the Revivalist Office, Cincinnati, O., publishes a pamphlet of a hundred pages, that contains the most characteristic events of the life of that saint and worker, thus placing within the reach of every Christian (10c. is the price) a biography which must prove a great stimulant to labor in the cause of the Master.

The deep conviction and repentance of Bramwell is aptly described in the second chapter.

"His repentance towards God continued deep and sincere, and he sought every occasion of manifesting it, by frequent acts of fasting, mortification, and prayer. He also attended the parish church with the most scrupulous regularity; and showed his genuine zeal for the honor of God, and his hatred to sin, by reproving the latter at all seasons, and in every company.

"But while he was the subject of these Divine operations, he stood alone, and had no pious friend to whom he could disclose his feelings, or with whom he could take sweet counsel respecting his soul.

Of all the professors of Christianity in the neighborhood, the Papists were the strictest; and, to a youthful mind, they appeared to evince some due regard to the external forms of religion. Though he had been sufficiently well instructed to dislike the principles and general practices of that Church, yet the austerities, penances, and privations, to which its members occasionally subjected themselves, to him seemed highly reasonable; and at that period he had no doubt of such sacrifices being acceptable to God.

Severe Penance.

"Laboring under the greatest concern for the salvation of his soul, he adopted several modes of mortifying the flesh, of the most ascetic and severe description, different in some external aspects from those of the Roman Catholics, but the same in principle. To remind him of his sins (on account of which he thought he was not sufficiently humble), he frequently cut off the skin and flesh from the ends of his fingers, and would not, for some time, suffer the self-inflicted wounds to heal.

"About midnight he often arose and stole down into the kitchen, while the members of his master's family were asleep; then sprinkling a corner of the floor with the roughest sand he could find, and uncovering his knees, he knelt down, and in that painful posture spent many hours of the night in fervent supplications for the pardon of his sins.

"Whilst in this disconsolate state of mind, he sometimes wandered from Preston, after the labors of the day, and, walking as far as his father's house in Elswick— a distance of ten miles—he slowly returned the same night without partaking of the least refreshment, or informing any of his father's family that an individual so wretched as himself was near their abode. After the walk of twenty miles, he was ready to commence his labors, the next morning, as early as any of his master's workmen.

"His constitution was naturally robust. But had his flesh been brass and his sinews iron, the austerities in which he persisted, voluntarily, for so many months, would have ruined his health. His friends perceived that his countenance became pale, and that his strength was quickly declining. Being concerned for his welfare, they applied for advice to two physicians, who, unable satisfactorily to account for the emaciated state of his body, called the undefined and hidden cause of his unhappiness 'a nervous complaint.'"

Pardon Brought Joy.

However, when the clear sense of Divine pardon came to him soon afterwards he also saw the futility of self-affliction, and he began to regain his robust constitution, as his "spirit rejoiced in God, his Saviour."

Mr. Bramwell joined the choir, believing that a chorister must be a most pure, blessed creature, but he was soon disillusioned.

Some friends loaned him the writings of Wesley, but he returned them unread, also refusing to hear a Methodist preacher, because his father had exacted from him a promise to have nothing to do with Methodists. How he was induced to hear them is told tersely.

"He was in this unhappy frame when a conversation took place between him and Robert Looker, one of his master's workmen, induced him to attend for the first time the preaching of the Methodists. Robert relates the circumstance in the following manner:

"'I have now been forty years acquainted with Mr. Bramwell. He and I wrought together in the same shop for nearly six years. I never knew his equal for strict morality. His parents were rigidly attached to the Established Church. When he received his first religious impressions, he became very zealous. I heard him reprove sin in all places, and the commission of it vexed his righteous soul from day to day. At that time he had neither heard a Methodist preacher nor attended any of their meetings. He was prejudiced against them, but yet not so much as his parents were.

Reproving Sin.

"'A very wicked old woman lived near my master's shop. She was a notorious swearer and blasphemer. Mr. Bramwell's principles would not allow her to utter oaths and curses in his hearing without reproving her. One day when she had been exercising herself in her usual way, he wrote a note and sent it to her. It contained some appropriate passages of Scripture, and, in conclusion, it was intimated that, as all profane persons had their portion in the everlasting fire of hell, she was evidently one of them, and must expect the same dreadful doom unless she repented of her sins and abandoned her evil practices.

"'The old woman, knowing that Mr. Bramwell and I were intimate, came like a fury to our house, and with a dreadful oath, called Mr. Bramwell (who was absent) "a Methodist devil!" My wife, who was then a strict Roman Catholic, asked the reason of her warmth. She replied, "He has sent me a note, in which he says that I am a wicked woman, and must burn in hell for ever."

"'More chagrined at hearing him stigmatized for being a Methodist, than if he had been censured for open impiety, my wife said, "Jane, you shall not call him a Methodist, for I am sure he is not one of that sort!"

"'When Mr. Bramwell called at our house in the evening, my wife began to relate the charge she had heard against him, by saying, "William, Jane M. has been cursing you as a Methodist; I told her that no one should give you that scandalous name in my hearing; for I hate it more than any other."

"'On hearing this, Mr. Bramwell turned to me, and said, with a smile, "Robert, did you ever hear the people called Methodists?"

"'I told him I had heard them sometimes in the fields near London, but knew very little about them, as I liked the Church.

"'He said: "I understand they have begun to preach in Preston; will you go and hear them?"

"'I replied: "I am quite willing."

"'He then said: "My Bible tells me, 'They that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution,' and these people are much vilified and persecuted."

"'He told me he would make some inquiry about the time of preaching; and on the appointed day we repaired together to the small house where these outcasts assembled. We found not more than a dozen persons present, and the sermon was on the subject of the bond woman and the free woman. I liked the drift of the discourse pretty well; yet, at that time, it did not take hold of my heart. But Mr. Bramwell was like Lydia, whose heart the Lord had opened to receive the word. When we went again we heard old Mr. Hooper, and having begun to meet in class, we were soon afterwards admitted into the society. Mr. Longley gave us our first tickets.'"

The Duty of Good Health.

A good clock-maker expects his clocks to keep good time, and to run without creaking, or squeaking, or stopping. The kind Creator frames His creatures on a similar principle. Until sin entered the world there was no sickness and no sorrow, now, notwithstanding the countless hereditary ills and ailments of men, the tendency is towards health. There are more well people than sick ones, and while the periods of disease are brief, health is usually a steady and permanent condition.

In almost every instance, when the causes of sickness and disease are investigated, it is found that they are a direct result of some

Wrong Course of Action.

It may be sometimes overworking, overeating, excessive indulgence of appetites or passions; anger, rage, discontent, and murmuring; all these are causes which make well people ill, and prevent the recovery of those whose health is impaired.

In many instances unhealthful methods of dressing are responsible for pains, sicknesses, and infirmities innumerable, ending, in a multitude of cases, in helplessness and death.

The one thing which many sick people most need is, to stop doing things that have destroyed their health, and they will then immediately begin to recover. Many a well man would be ill within twenty-four hours, if he would do just what sick people have been, and are still, doing; and many a sick person would immediately begin to amend if they would abstain from things which healthy people leave alone, and follow modes of living which have the sanction of intelligence and experience.

It is the Duty of Every Person to Preserve Health.

No person has a right to be pale, and sickly, and nervous, and feeble, and helpless, when they might be strong, and vigorous, and useful. Each person is morally bound to bear their own share of the burdens of life, and they have no right to unfit themselves to do this.

The drunkard who fuddles his brain until he is unfit to work, and must be supported by someone else; the Chinese woman, who bandages her feet, and totties and totters and must be waited upon; the fashionable lady, who crushes her liver and stomach, and compresses her lungs and dislocates other organs of her body, thus rendering herself a helpless invalid when she should be a strong, and noble, and useful woman, all sin against God, their Creator, and against their fellow-beings, by becoming burdens instead of blessings, sources of sorrow and trial instead of joy and comfort.

The result of wrong living is not only sickness, but premature death. The slow agony of years of pain ends at last in an early grave, and a person who has trodden this path of needless sickness to early death is a suicide, whose crime has not only blasted one life out of many, but may have impaired and hindered many others.

Let Christian people, and those who fear God and have thoughts of kindness towards their fellowmen, consider the duty of living healthy, so that being free from pain, and possessed of bodily and mental vigor, they may glorify God, do good to men, and bless the world with brightness and with peace.—The Safeguard.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

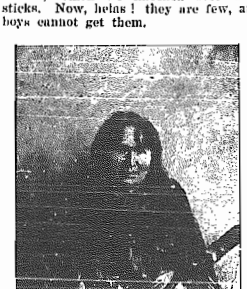
THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the libraries of the Rescue Homes. Parcels should be addressed (prepaid) to any of the following Homes:—

"The Evangeline Home for Children," 69 Farley Ave., Toronto.
"The Industrial Home," 416 Yonge St., Toronto.
"The Working Women's Home," 74 Agnes St., Toronto.
"Fort Hope" Rescue Home, Riverview Ave., London, Ont.
"The Homestead," 36 St. James St., St. John, N.B.
"Liberty Hall," 243 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P.Q.
"Fort Rescue," 466 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.
"The Bridge," 71 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
"The Anchorage," 88 Cook St., St. Johns, Nfld.
"Redemption Home," 94 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
"Hope Hall," 605 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ont.
"Montana State Home," 310 West Copper St., Butte, Mont., U.S.A.
"Liberty Home," 329 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
"Mercy Home," 126 Pomby St., Vancouver, B.C.
"Jewish Hall," Work & Women's Home, 11 St. Monique St., Montreal, P.Q.

The Old Maori's Story.

Before the Pakehas came to New Zealand, the young Maoris had to keep moving. What would your forefathers say if their eyes beheld your idleness? When I was young, we used to go forth with the rising sun, and were busy making our bird-calls out of reeds and flax.

We used to set our snares to catch the bigger birds in the forest. There were great numbers of little birds in the bushes, which we knocked over with sticks. Now, helas! they are few, and boys cannot get them.



SOPHIE, THE MAORI GUIDE.

We learnt the use of such weapons as the tabin or spear, and the mere-mere. Our hands fashioned the greenstone into ornaments and weapons of offence. The cunning carvings of our houses, the ancestral emblem figures of our tribal council halls, the hewing out of canoes—these things all interested me when I was young. How I liked to go fishing! We used bone hooks, furnished with panashell. Our catch would be great schnapper and habuku, and the shoaling fish in their season. Sometimes our canoes would be weighed down with the load. Our cooks were plenty, and the ovens ready to cook the fish. These were round holes scooped in the clean earth, and filled with burning sticks. The loose stones, crackling with the heat, were ready to have the fish—nicely tied up in bundles, with clean vegetation wrapped round to keep from soiling, then gently wrapped over with leaves and covered with earth, with water thrown in to make the steam that cooks them. How nice the Maori oven made the generous meal for the hungry tribe! Our nights were spent in sleep. We did not chase the owl then, because we were afraid of the night demons, or the witches, and wizards, and the bogies of darkness. If one man went to another's place at night, loud songs were voiced to cheer the lonely interval. Warriors by day, we were not over hostile by night, as a rule. The Maoris of long ago had no horses to ride upon, no machines to help their labor. Our eyes were trained to locate the stars, to discern the plant life of the forest; also, to note the cry of the bush-hawk, as an indication of the weather. Draughts was our ancient amusement. There were other games, but the greatest of all occupations was learning the art of war. Kill! kill! for blood; eat the dead, curse the living enemy.

We had No Christ Then—

no Peace-Giver—only a reckless existence from one foray to another. Our war-prisoners slaved for us; sometimes their flesh formed a ghastly repast to your mind, but we liked it. To be a man, the ancient Maori had works of peace, as well as of war, to perform. The silvery tongue and the ready wit of eloquence, when speaking upon tribal matters, were requisite. Often the ocean beaches were blood-stained by some tribal conflict, awaiting the cleansing waves of the flood-tides to wash away the signs of carnage. Hand-to-hand fighting brought forth not only the muscular strength of the warriors, but cruelly maintained their hatred towards each other. To learn the ancestry of the tribe, to commit to memory the history and folk-lore of the region, were necessary. Even little boys would be accustomed to hear the boundaries of their possessions stated, and would learn the way from one place to another by hearing the tracks discussed. There were no streets or roads; mountains, rivers, forest belts, upland ridges, rapu swamps, ti-tree scrub, the waving areas of toi toi flats, the regions where the Nikau palm (the cabbage tree) grew—these were the means whereby the old people described the routes from place to place. The fighting pahs and strongholds were on the summits of the hills, whilst the agricultural villages lay near the good soil, to grow the kumera, kumakuma, and other vegetables, herbs, and gourds. Yes, when I was a boy, it was a blood-avenging, man-slaying, man-eating time! If you could not fight and conquer, or get away to some distant hiding-place, there would be a poor chance for your life. People say that the Pakehas bring drink and death to the Maori, steal their land, and so forth;

I Like the "Talawations" (Salvationists,) Because They do not do This.

Yes; we say the parrot has not forgotten its nest, neither have I forgotten the old bad days. It was better that Jesus Christ came, so that fewer men who have eaten each other should have to come face to face with one another in the spirit-world. This troubles me, but God knows all about it. He is God.

* * * *

Dear comrades, we should love the peace of our lives more by comparison with what has been in this very country in which we live, and

Above all, Honor Christ,

Who said, "My peace I give unto you." Kapai, kapai, kapai.—"Victory."

Salt of the Earth.

Our world is not made for geniuses, nor managed by them. Its best work is done by people of moderate ability and more than moderate faithfulness. Their loyalty to duty in home, churches, business, and public life, is the salt which keeps the world sweet and clean. They are not much known to the newspapers, but their names are written in heaven as its agents and correspondents in the busy life of earth. When final verdict comes, they will be the astonished people at hearing such an estimate of the poor things they did and strove for. But these are weighed in better balances than either Church or State use here.

INTO LIFE MAIMED.

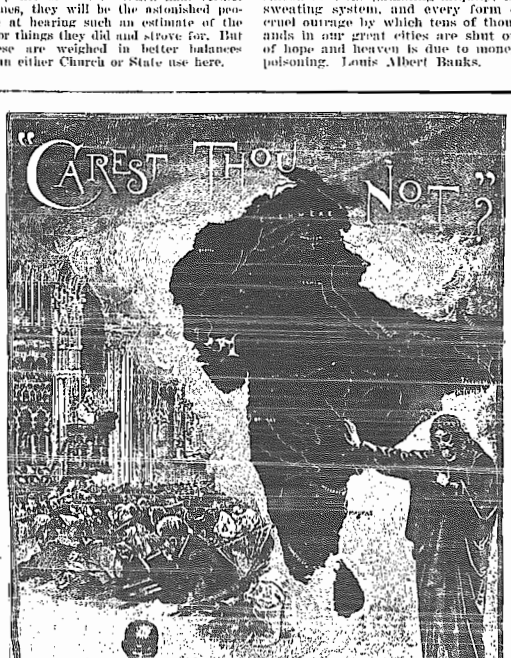
It was mine own right eye which I plucked out,
While heart and flesh grew faint beneath the pain;
What boots it now when earth is bright about,
Or when the fields are comforted with rain?
Shall these make good to me my loss again?
The sun and sky are widowed of their grace,
"Yet thou shalt see My face."

It was mine own right hand I flung away;
Ah, Lord! and who shall wield my sword for Thee?
Thy marching hosts go past me all the day,
Unto that strife which has no place for me,
Unto that triumph which I shall not see.
Useless I sit, and helpless, and afraid.
"Fear not; thou hast obeyed."

—Mabel Earle, in S. S. Times.

Money Poisoning.

A man died in New York hospital from blood poisoning, contracted—so the physicians decided—from bank bills. He was holding a roll of bills between his teeth, and chanced to bite his lip. The blood came, but he wiped it away, and paid no more attention to the wound for the time being. The next morning his lip was swollen and inflamed, and though he was helped by treatment for a time, he finally died from the poison. This is rather a rare case in its details, but, alas! money-poisoning is one of the commonest destroyers of mankind. The Scripture says, "The love of money is the root of all evil," and anyone who traces it can see that the saloon evil, the gambling iniquity, the sweating system, and every form of cruel outrage by which tens of thousands in our great cities are shut out of hope and heaven is due to money-poisoning. Louis Albert Banks.



CHRIST AND INDIA'S SUFFERINGS.

News from Far and Near

IN THE

WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

Montreal Working Women's Home.

God has been blessing our work in this Institution. Capt. Hall reports it crowded all the time, and the need of a larger place is evident. While Capt. Hall takes a well-earned furlough, Ensign Ellery is taking charge. The Ensign sends bright, encouraging news of the spiritual condition of the women who make their home in the Shelter. She writes:

"My dear Mrs. Read,—Just a few lines to let you know how I have been getting along. I have been real happy and like it very much. I had a lovely meeting yesterday afternoon and evening with the women—twelve in the afternoon, nine at night. I had a nice meeting this evening. Some of the women seem very anxious about their souls. Two of them called me into their rooms last evening, after the meeting, and seemed really convinced about their sins. I feel God is working."

Montreal Rescue Home.

I was delighted with what I saw of the spiritual condition of the girls in the Home. Nearly all the girls testified to the forgiving grace of the Lord Jesus, which they had sought in penitent prayer. Mrs. Ensign Dodge, who is supplying while Adjt. Ward (Matron) is on furlough, writes:

"All we have to do is to ask and receive. I have been out among the old friends and find them still the same—interested in the work and willing to support it."

This is cheering after nearly ten years of Rescue work in this city.

Winnipeg Rescue Home.

Adjt. Langtry writes of continued victory and blessing in the Winnipeg Home. She tells of the pleasure the officers find in their work, of the girls becoming saved and growing in grace and in the knowledge of God. Also a touching little fact of a dear girl being reconciled to her parents through her (Adjt. Langtry's) intercession. Of an estranged husband and wife united. Of a nice home being found for one of the dear children. Of the Government Inspector's approval of the condition of the Home. Of Mrs. Major Southall and the League of Mercy conducting helpful meetings in the Home, and much more of interest.

A Touching Letter.

The appended is an extract from a poor girl to one of our Home Matrons: "To the Mother of the Home.

"Dear Friend,—Had I taken your advice and gone into the Home when you were good enough to offer me a chance, I would not now be in prison for three months. I have often thought about you, but was afraid to send you a message before. I am glad the Army people come to see us, it cheers us up, especially when they bring us some reading. I don't know what I am going to do when I get out. I hope you will pray for me, and I will try and pray for myself. It is all my own fault that I am here, but bad company had much to do with it. I cannot tell you how I felt at first, but I feel a little brighter now, for I have decided, with His help, to do different in the future."

AN OFFICIAL IN THE CHILDREN'S AID has written the following to one of our officers:

"We feel greatly indebted to you and to your co-workers for the great kindness shown to ——— during the time she was under your care. The good teaching and example shown her while with you must, I am sure, have a lasting effect upon her as she journeys through this life."

Guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes—but innocence dreads no eye, innocence suspects no tongue.

Everybody is on the qui vive with anticipation of the coming Anniversary gatherings. We are looking forward to a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit, and to receiving great blessings from our beloved Commissioner.

Terse Topics.

OBEDIENCE.

Obedience is the foundation of all creation and of true happiness. The forces of nature obey the will of God implicitly, hence a harmonious universe. Man has a right to obey God or to defy Him; that this latter is possible is to the glory of God. He gave man a wonderful freedom, but with independent action He conducted responsibility. While we obey God He is responsible for us and our happiness and usefulness. The moment we act separately, without the will or sanction of God, we become responsible for our action, and must accept the sorrow and retribution which every disobedience brings. Obedience is the first step to salvation; we must renounce transgression of the law, seek pardon and promise obedience. Continual faithful obedience in small things is much better and more appreciated by God and man than occasional deeds of daring, even though for a time the talk of every tongue.

The Week's Ammunition.

Psalm xxiii.

SUNDAY. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

There are no wants known to the trusting soul. Even when misfortune and suffering seemed to be multiplied unto God's saints, they have not wanted at the crucial moment the strength to bear. Instead of agony and shrieks there have been glory and hymns heard from the victims at the stake.

MONDAY.—"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Not only our bread and water to support physical life, but the needs of mind and soul are provided. God's children have plenty of food for thought, and their souls possess the spring of everlasting life within. Truly the enemy cannot starve us out.

TUESDAY.—"He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

Salvation comes from Him Who lifted my soul, which was lost, to its rightful place beside Himself, and so we are enabled to keep the right path. He did it for Love's sake, for His name is Love.

WEDNESDAY.—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

It will be in the dark valley of approaching death that we shall find God most real, and His support most precious. When loved ones pass over Jordan, what can take the despair out of one's sorrow like the consolations of God?

THURSDAY.—"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

By the way in which God provides for our needs in every emergency, He teaches us to defy every enemy that may threaten, for it shall only be threats and no more that he can hurl against us. The Lord will shield us while we attend to the calls of duty.

FRIDAY.—"Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over."

But not only our needs will be met, but honor and true pleasure shall be ours. Happiness is in its fulness only known to fully consecrated souls, for God giveth unstintedly.

SATURDAY.—"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

God is love and mercy Himself, hence goodness, and mercy, and peace, and blessing must follow those who follow Him. This is the grandest realization of the soul, even the knowledge of the ever-present God with us: Immanuel.

Her Neighbor

A TRUE STORY.

A WOMAN sat in the back room of a poor home; this was many years ago—long before the Salvation Army, with its many blessed branches, was organized. She was working for her daily bread, with her needle, for he who should and could have supported her and himself in comfort preferred to contribute to the wealth of the liquor dealer. So she took up the ease of the household. She was young, not unpleasing to look at, and of cheerful disposition. While she worked she prayed, and at other times she sang softly to herself some hymn, for she was a Christian woman, therefore her trust was stayed on Christ.

On this particular bright and beautiful day she was thinking of the truth so plainly exemplified in her own experience, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." She had sown in girlish heedlessness an unequal marriage with a man whose good looks, gentlemanly manners, and stylish attire, had taken her fancy. Now she was reaping neglect and poverty—not abuse, or she could not have sung as she did. Her home was neat and comfortable, though not stylish. The windows were full of flowering plants, and some birds helped her to make music as she worked. Now she was humming—

"Sowing the seed by the dawn-light fair,
Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

"Ah, indeed, my harvest is thorns and thistles," she mused, "to be alone in this strange city, no friends, and Will so reckless of himself and me, but it is better to be alone than to have others to share this grief. Jesus is all-sufficient, and, oh, how He helps." And then she sang the second verse of the hymn.

"I wonder who that lovely girl is in that beautiful little cottage across the yards," she said aloud, for she had a habit of talking aloud to herself and the birds. "Sometimes she seems so sad, and there is never anyone there but the servant girl. Perhaps she is an orphan, perhaps—but, oh, no, she is too fair and sweet to be anything but good. Then her song went on—

"Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?"

And the refrain rang out clear and strong—

"Sown in the darkness and sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness and sown in our might,
Gathered in time for eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be!"

The young girl mentioned in the soliloquy above was listening intently to the words of the song. She, too, was seated at a back window, in a room so elegantly furnished that it bespoke wealth and lavish extravagance. Her dress was rich, and some fine jewelry adorned her. The tidy maid-servant entered with a letter, which she hastened to read. Before she finished reading, however, the color had fled from her face and her lips were set in a straight line. "This is the harvest of which that woman is singing," she said, for part of her letter read thus:

"I am leaving this country for a distant land. The furniture of the house is yours, but the lease expires in two months; that will give you ample time to sell your goods. They should bring a good price. You have some valuable jewels, and should have saved money from the liberal allowance I made you. If you are sensible you need not want, and I will honor your draft, after a year, for any reasonable sum."

"The harvest, the harvest!" she moaned. "What shall I do?" Acting on a good impulse she fled to the foot of the garden and called to the woman who still worked. Truthfully she told her story, a too common one.

A tempter armed with all that is of the world fascinating, a victim innocently yielding to artfully-told lies.

"What shall I do?" she wailed.

"Go to your room and tell Jesus, just as you have told me. Take your Bible, and if you have none take mine, and read the 15th chapter of Luke and 8th chapter of John. Send a letter home telling the dear father and mother you are coming; then lock the house, leave everything he gave you, money, jewels, and garments. Send him the key and give him no chance to speak to you again. God will do the rest if you are truly penitent. I will help you get ready.

"You!" exclaimed the girl, incredulously.

"Yes, I. Why not? My Lord came to seek and save that which was lost. Through the words of the hymn we have found you and I am inclined to see your feet turned homeward ere I give you up." Acting on an impulse, she pulled a board off the fence. "Come in my house," she said, "and let us make it right with God NOW. Now is the time."

The girl followed her. They prayed, and wept, and read together. Peace came finally to the sin-stricken soul, and the beauty of heaven shone in as she realized she was saved.

"I meant for a moment to kill myself. Will God forgive all?"

"Yes, all," said her new friend.

"And will you shake hands with me?"

"Shake hands!" exclaimed the woman, and for answer she caught the trembling, weeping girl to her heart in a long, close embrace. "You are my little sister in Jesus; nay, my spiritual child, born suddenly into the Kingdom. Christ's for ever, eh?"

"Yes," answered the girl, "God helping me, His for ever."

And just as the woman had advised her she did. A kind, loving welcome greeted her at home. No questions were asked, and so she found peace with her friends also.

Her name may not be mentioned, but to-day many call her blessed. She works among her sisters in sorrow, a woman no longer young, but much beloved, especially by those who have sinned, suffered, and repented.—M. L. R.

What a Soldier Should Know.

Avoid Appearance of Evil

Salvation Soldiers should endeavor to carry themselves and make such an appearance as will bring credit on the Army.

They should avoid everything in their dress, or the doing of their hair, or anything else that looks like vanity, and which would make the impression that they want people to admire them. This is of the world, and, therefore, of the devil, and will destroy, if practised, any good influence which might otherwise proceed from their exhortations, or prayers, or anything else.

But Attend to Cleanliness.

At the same time they should be clean, orderly, and neat. As far as their employment will allow, they should have clean hands, face, teeth, and clothing. No one will think any better of the Army, or of the salvation they represent, through their being unnecessarily dirty or slovenly in appearance.

This also applies to their walk. They should endeavor to carry themselves as upright and as soldier-like as possible.

Beware of Trivial Talk.

They must avoid anything of a larking, giggling, boisterous character in the ranks, meetings, or anywhere else. To be seen laughing and jesting has a very bad influence anywhere, or at any time, but especially will it be so in a service, either outdoors or in.

They should avoid all unnecessary talking, especially on the platform, or during the progress of a service. They should not whisper or pass notes, or look about while a meeting is in progress. Their work is a very serious one, and they should be serious in the discharge of it.

Salute Each Other.

They should carefully salute their officers and comrades whenever they meet them. The salute consists in holding up the right hand, and pointing the forefinger towards heaven. This means that they belong to that country, and they are on the road there, and that they have pledged themselves with their right hand to do all they can to get everybody else there. This is a far easier and readier and more effective salutation than shaking hands, occupies less time, and makes less confusion.

About Marching.

Marching has held a very important position in the Army from the very commencement. To turn out into the streets with a uniform on, and to follow the flag in the presence of the ungodly is in itself a proclamation of salvation, and a public assertion of the claims of Jehovah to the love and sacrifice of the people.

You Can Help to Make it a Power.

The larger the number of soldiers who march, the more generally they are dressed in uniform, and the more orderly and soldier-like their marching, the more useful such a procession is likely to be. Every soldier, therefore, can in this respect help to make the every-day marches of the Army more powerful for good and more honoring to God.

Sing as You March.

Every soldier who is not a bandsman ought to sing the verses or choruses loudly enough to make the words heard on both sides of the street and into the back rooms of the houses. For Salvation Soldiers to march silently along is very little beyond following the example of a Sunday School procession, and is utterly unworthy of them.

Why have some lives been so remarkable in power with God? Is it freedom from care, learning, or leisure time to be alone with God that has made them so? No, that cannot be, for many who have these do not know God, and those whose lives have been most wonderful are often those who have had almost no advantages. It is because they yielded to God. Your life may be just as full of divinity as any.

FAILURE!

BY THE GENERAL.

DO something. Go for the enemy. Save somebody. Don't be scared by difficulties. Don't be afraid of a row. You were made for a fight—called to it, saved on purpose. But you must risk something to gain something. All my reading, and observation, and experience go to show that the saying, "Nothing venture, nothing win," is true, sacredly true. Nothing more so. It is as true as Truth itself.

The history of the world furnishes endless illustrations of the fact. Think of Columbus and the discovery of America. Everybody, his own sailors into the bargain, thought the attempt madness, and his perseverance in it the maddest madness of all.

Look at Garibaldi, with his handful of red-shirted enthusiasts, defying all the armies of Austria.

Look at John Brown, a plain, simple man, attacking the slave legions of the Southern States of America.

Look at Napoleon, when beaten and banished by the world in arms, rising up to defy that world.

Look at Nelson, wailing and gnashing his teeth because the enemy had not more ships to fight and capture.

Look at multitudes of other of the world's heroes. They, and their heroism, and their triumphs, came from their doing what appeared to everybody about them to be positively the impossible.

Look at the religious world, and you will find the same principle at work. Read your Bible and meditate on the magnificent examples of reckless daring recorded in its pages, and on the honor God put upon it.

Look at Moses, flying in the face of the mighty Pharaoh and the most powerful army the world contained.

Look at Gideon, overthrowing the hosts of the Midianites. It was one bold heart and three hundred men against innumbered thousands.

Look at David and Goliath. Think of the shepherd lad, with his sling and stone, defying and destroying the terror of the Israelitish army.

Look at Jonathan and his armor-bearer, scaling the rocks, penetrating the castle, and putting the Philistine garrison to the sword.

Listen to those hungry, dying lepers facing the army of Assyria. "Why sit we here and die without an effort for deliverance?" they exclaimed. "We can but die if we enter the camp of the enemy." This was sound logic. So, my comrades, imitate them, get up and shake yourselves, and go for the foe.

Look at the Apostles, challenging the whole heathen world, backed up as it was by the mightiest Empire that ever existed. If they had waited for the door to be opened, and victory got ready for them, it is probable they would have done nothing at all. But the door was shut, or it seemed to be, and so they opened it themselves.

Look at Luther on his way to stand before the Emperor of the Popish Diet. "Your life and your liberty are in danger," his friends cried out. "Turn back, and fly."

"Turn back, never!" the bold Monk answered. "If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the houses, I would go." And go he did.

Look at Wesley, cast out by his church, satirised by the learned, laughed at by the world, deserted by his comrades, with only the poor to uphold him. Relying on God, he faced the world, and left behind him a people who constitute one of the mightiest religions forces in existence.

MEN OF DARING.

And again and again in Salvation warfare all through the centuries that have followed, you have the same story. The men who have done great exploits and written their names high up in the temple of soul-saving fame, and won their tens, and their hundreds, and their thousands, and their tens of thousands to the Cross, have been the men who have dared dangers, defied failure, and fought on in the face of what has appeared the impossible to a smirking, half-hearted church, and an unbelieving, unlooking world.

Oh, Officers! Oh, Local Officers! Oh, soldiers! do stop asking for "Soft Ground," and "Easy Work," and "Triumphs made ready to hand!" Go and do something that has some difficulty about it, something desperate in it. Try some plan that has never been tried before. Aim at some work that others have attempted and failed to accomplish. Select some hard and difficult "go," and glory in it, and that just because it is hard and difficult.

CEASE TALKING—UP AND AT THEM!

What is it that affrights you? Is it some dark neighborhood? Give up looking at the difficulties, and attack it. Is it some notorious soul-ruining public-house? Talk no more about what may happen—bombard it. Is it some black, desolate slum? Don't even inspect it again, but storm it. Is it some desperate sinner, or some hardened backslider? Never mind what the neighbors or anyone else may say about the hopeless task. Take him in the flank, or in the rear, or at the front, whichever may seem the best; but in any case go for him before his sun sets, and his chance is gone, and he has slipped over the cliffs out of reach of either the help of man or the mercy of God.

Ask yourself every morning, "What can I do to-day, which, though it appears difficult, promises honor to my Saviour and salvation for those for whom He died?" Ask yourself every night, "What have I done for God and souls to-day that was unpleasant to me, that—except for the profit it promised to the Kingdom—I would rather not have done?"

YOU WILL FAIL.

Fail? Of course you will. Everybody fails sometimes. Everybody fails who goes off the ordinary track in their efforts to promote righteousness and bless mankind. I fail every day of my life. God has always been failing in this contradictory, stupid, devil-ridden world. Oh, that the day would hasten when He could get His will everywhere done! But that day is, I fear, a long way off.

Fail? Yes, I admit it. I have said so. Everybody must fail, except the helpless, lazy, do-nothing crew who are of no use either to God or man, and these will prove in the long run to have been, from first to last, the most gigantic failures of any of God's creatures. But surely, surely you do not belong to that fraternity!

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

But why, oh, why should you be frightened by the possibility of failure? Who are you that you should expect to be such a favored child of fortune as to never have a black mark against your name in the school of human exertion? Who are you that your delicate feet should have prepared for them a royal road to success, a smooth and flowery path to victory, when so many of the choicest spirits God ever created have had tears, and toils, and tortures, and deaths, appointed to them as their portion?

Why do you linger? Why do you hesitate, with men and women dying before your eyes, with the voice of duty ringing in your ears, with Jesus Christ calling on you from His throne to "follow Him, Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, and despised the shame" in working out the salvation of men?

What are you waiting for? again I enquire. Is it an easy task? I beg of you to renounce for ever such selfish picking and choosing. Have faith in God, and go for the difficult and impossible; nay, go for the duty that is right before you. Go at it, I say, and go at it again and again, and even yet again.

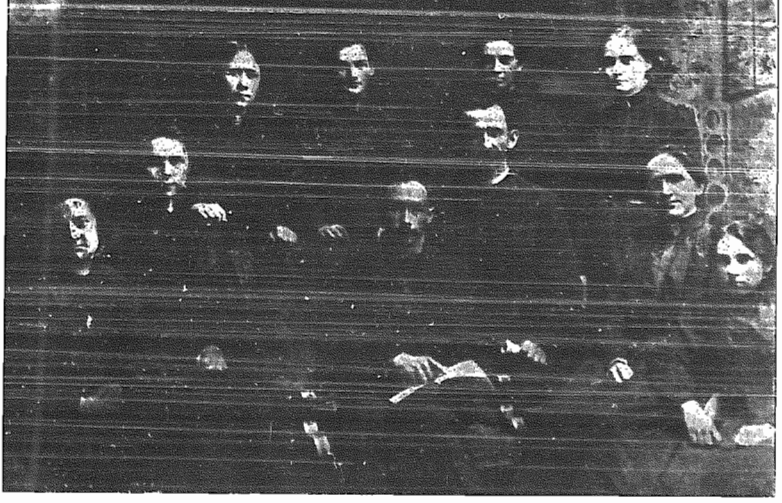
FAILURE, IN BIG LETTERS.

Write the word "Failure" in big letters, and fix it up in front of you, and then stand on your feet and face it, and say, "Oh, Failure, I defy you, for if I fail, I shall succeed! If I lose, I shall win! If I fall, I shall rise again! If I die, I shall live! If the world, the flesh, and the devil between them manage to send me to hell, angels will rescue me and carry me to heaven!"

Man, woman, or child, whoever you may be, if you belong to God and are doing God's work in this blessed Salvation Army, or will begin from this moment to do it, I, your General, will guarantee, in the name of Jehovah, that when the final reckoning day arrives, and the balance-sheet of the universe is made out, it shall be found that instead of a failure you have proved to have been

A STUPENDOUS AND EVERLASTING SUCCESS.

LISGAR STREET J. S. WORKERS.



Sergt. J. Matchett. Treas. Dobney. Sergt. Donaldson Sergt. Cook. J. S. S.-M. Brown. Sergt. A Tuck. B. O. L. S.-M. Scott. Sergt. Robinson. Sergt. Williams. Sergt. M. Stickells.

A SUCCESSFUL SUNDAY.

TEMPLE, Toronto.—Good meetings all day yesterday, led on by Adjt. Cameron and Capt. LeCocq. We were also pleased to have with us in the morning and evening Adjt. Kenway, who has just arrived from Newfoundland. The Adjutant gives a glowing account of the work of the Army on the Island Colony. He is an old chum of Capt. LeCocq. Both joined the British Navy about sixteen years ago in the Old Land, and were stationed together for several years in different parts of the world in H. M. Service. The Adjutant is a real Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. His Bible reading at night was listened to very attentively, and we believe resulted in much good. At the close of the red-hot prayer meeting one brother, a backslider, was found kneeling at the Mercy Seat. This brother had been dealt with very earnestly during the early part of the prayer meeting, but would not yield, and had left the hall, but soon returned and sought Jesus. We also had Capts Freeman and Calvert, from the Farm, with us in the afternoon. Crowds and collections were both very good, and the open-airs brim full of interest. Harvest Festival is all the go. Every brigade is working hard to make the effort a tremendous success.—W. Peacock.

Unconscious Influence.

We cannot benefit ourselves without benefiting others also. If we are cheerful, happy, and well, we brighten and invigorate them; if we gain knowledge, we communicate it; if we grow strong and courageous, we afford protection and infuse courage; if we are noble and true, others breathing our spiritual atmosphere become also nobler and truer. Whether we intend it or not, we are always either helping or hurting others by our unconscious influence. Thus we can never stand aloof; we can never say, "Though I do not help, neither will I hinder," for we are always doing one or the other. There is a self-indulgence, it is true, that is often yielded to at others' expense; but then it is also at our own. It may afflict them, but it likewise degrades us.

You cannot go to heaven looking backwards.

Wm BOOTH GENERAL

THE WAR CRY

EVANGELINE BOOTH COMMISSIONER

PRINTED for Evangeline Booth, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Horn, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

* * *

All communications referring to the contents of the WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

All communications on matters referring to subscriptions, despatch, and change of address, should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

All manuscript, (written matter intended for publication) can be sent at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two ounces, if enclosed in unsealed envelope or open wrapper and marked "Printer's Copy."

No Boundary.

Let us mark out no frontier line where the work of the Salvation Army should stop. We are not a sect existing for the blessing of our members only, but we are an Army to advance to attack wherever sin has fortified itself. We recognize no colon line, no barriers of language, or limitation of creed. While carefully guarding the salvation of our own soul, we shall seek to do good to all men. The tendency of every organization is to congeal, to crystallize, to settle down in a solid form and finally to petrify; which means the preservation of beautiful form and color, but the loss of life. We must ever remain a living Army, ready to adapt our methods and discipline to the environments of time and locality, in order to remain effective. Let us apply this principle to our individual experience; guard jealously the gift of the Holy Spirit, and ever seek to meet the needs of the sinner above idle discussion of form, or hair-splitting over the meaning of obscure passages. The Kingdom of God has a much greater proportion of men of learning and integrity, than men of action. God calls for active warriors to extend His government. Let us ever be found as the advance guard of Christ.

THE CINCINNATI CALAMITY

Staff-Capt. Erickson and Capt. Anderson the Heroic Victims

FIVE CHILDREN LOSE THEIR LIVES.

In a recent edition we reported the catastrophe of one of our Cincinnati institutions falling a prey to flames, which also claimed several lives ere they could be extinguished. The name of Captain Lodge was reported by an Associated Press dispatch as that of the victim, but that was an error. Capt. Lodge was up town on work in connection with the nursery when the accident happened. She rushed to the scene only to hear of the terrible loss.

"Merciful God, what has happened? Oh, where are my children, my children, where are they? Tell me are they lost? That I had been here to give up my life for them!" In such manner she continued until she broke down in piteous weeping.

The fire started in the first floor, which was used as a meeting-place.

Later the story of the struggle in the nursery, to save the children, was learned. When the fire was discovered by Miss Anderson, she and Capt. Erickson were on the second floor. Miss Anderson was at work at the accounts kept of the nursery, Miss Erickson was writing a letter to a friend—both being in the front room. Miss Anderson remarked that there was a fire somewhere in the building, and started into the hall to investigate, followed by Miss Erickson. A sheet of flame met them, but, with devotion never surpassed, both women rushed up to the fourth floor, where they knew nine tots lay sleeping, unconscious of danger.

CAPT. ANDERSON AND STAFF-CAPT. ERICKSON,
The Heroic Victims of the Cincinnati Fire.

No Way of Escape.

The fire ran up the staircase and cut off escape. An endeavor was made to save the women and children from the adjoining house and the skylight in the roof, but the flames prevented both efforts. Harkins, whose children were inside, leaped through the skylight to his death. His body was found with those of two of his children grasped tightly in his arms afterwards.

Staff-Capt. Erickson lived for some time. When she heard that she was beyond recovery she requested Ensign Henderson to send a message to her mother in Sweden: "Tell mother it is well with my soul." Five children lost their lives—three girls, aged 4 months, 4 years and 6 years, and two boys, aged 9 months, and 4 years respectively.

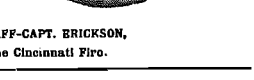
Staff-Captain Erickson's body was brought to New York, the slum people insisting on paying all expenses, and the Commander and Consul laid her remains to rest with full Army honors.

The following was wired by Major Nelson about the burial of the victims at Cincinnati:

The Cincinnati Funeral.

"Cleveland, O.—The saddest funeral services witnessed at Cincinnati for years took place Thursday, over the remains of the victims of the awful fire. Staff-Captain Erickson and Capt. Anderson, James Harkins and the five children—Dorothy Harkins, John Herbert Harkins, Maggie Williams, Myrtle Terrell, and Edward Mullen. The service of Edward Mullen was conducted at home. Wesley Chapel, one of the largest churches in the city, was thronged with friends and sympathizers of the bereaved ones. Colonel Holland, the Commander's representative, who conducted the service, and Mrs. Colonel Brewer spoke with deep emotion, moving the vast assembly, seemingly, to the very gates of heaven. Rev. Dr. Roughton's closing appeal was especially touching. Large choir volunteered and rendered beautiful music. Thousands, unable to enter the church, thronged the streets outside to get a glimpse of those who counted it not a loss to give their lives. Strong men wept and heads were bowed in holy reverence as the long cortege of five hearses and a number of carriages slowly made its way to the Wesleyan Cemetery, where a large crowd had assembled. An effective service conducted by Colonel Holland and Mrs. Colonel Brewer was held at the grave. Touching and heart-rending scenes were witnessed here. The remains of Staff-Capt. Erickson were sent to New York at the urgent request of her former slum comrades. Undertakers Busse and Bergman and Undertaker Wilson rendered excellent service, each offering to bury one of the victims at his own expense. Prayers requested for bereaved families. All other children brought to hospital are now out of danger. Poor families urgently request us to continue Nursery and Slum operations.—Major Nelson."

OFFICERS, ATTENTION!—If you do not wish to sleep on the sidewalk, with a doorstep for a pillow, at the 18th Anniversary, make application for your billet immediately to Major Turner, Salvation Temple, Toronto.



The Commissioner's health has shown a little improvement during the past few days, and there is every prospect that she will be in fair physical condition for the October meetings.

The Chief Secretary will conduct the meetings at Huron St. on Sunday next. He will be assisted by Brigadier Gaskin and a number of H. Q. Officers, and anticipates being able to shake things up.

Adjt. Page, Private Secretary to the Commissioner, has returned from her trip to England, in good health and spirits.

Last week the General Secretary, with Staff-Capt. Manton and a number of H. Q. Staff, conducted special meetings at Lisgar St. and Yorkville.

Adjt. Morris is preparing to give an illustrated lecture on the Army's work in Dawson City and the Yukon.

Brigadier Pugmire visited T. H. Q. last week on business connected with his Province. East Ontario is going ahead under his direction.

The meetings conducted at the Central Prison on Saturday and Sunday, by Staff-Capt. Archibald, were exceptional in interest, and were occasions of great blessing to the men. Five good cases of conversion resulted therefrom.

Lieut.-Colonel Read, Brigadier Gaskin, and Staff-Capt. Archibald represented the Salvation Army at the Charities and Correction Conference, held in Toronto last week. Various topics of social reform were discussed.

Harvest Festival Specials

Brigadier Gaskin at the Temple.

Special H. F. Meetings Conducted by the General Secretary.

We had the privilege of having with us all day yesterday Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin. The meetings were grand, collections splendid, and we believe the meetings will result in much good. The open-airs were of a lively nature, and were attended by large crowds. The Brigadier's addresses at the three meetings were excellent and were grand and instructive. Two souls sought Christ in the afternoon, and four came out at night, all testifying to the fact that they had received what they had come for.

The Brigadier was ably assisted by Mrs. Gaskin, also Capts. Easton and Morris. We were also pleased to have with us Private Courtney, who is an Artilleryman in Her Majesty's service. He not only fights for the Queen, but also for King Jesus. He is a good lad, and his testimony at the different meetings was appreciated.—W. P.

Harvest Festival Gatherings at Riverside

Major and Mrs. Turner, accompanied by the Central Ontario Songsters, spent an excellent week-end at Riverside corps. Crowds and finances excellent. Harvest Festival target secured.

Ensign Walker is getting well hold of the hearts of the people, and is expecting a really successful Fall and Winter campaign.

The Editor and His Wife at Yorkville.

Brigadier and Mrs. Friedrich conducted the Sunday's meetings at Yorkville Corps. The soldiers are a warm-hearted crowd, and take well hold in the meetings. The Brigadier selected passages referring to seed-time and harvest for his texts. An excellent crowd attended at night, and one prodigal returned to the fold.

Monday night the sale of gifts realized a fair sum, and Capt. Richmond was well pleased with the results. The officers and soldiers have worked willingly and well to reach the target.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon at Hamilton.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Stanyon conducted the Harvest Festival meetings at Hamilton I. on Saturday and Sunday. Large crowds at every meeting. Finances excellent, $22.00. H. F. target within sight. Five precious souls entered into light. Adjt. Goodwin, with her two helpers, have got a splendid hold of the corps, and are leading their troops on from victory to victory.

Staff-Capt. Archibald at Lisgar St.

The meetings on Harvest Festival Sunday were led by Staff-Capt. Archibald. Knee-drill was a very heavenly time to the few who were there. Four seekers came out at holiness meeting for full sanctification. Splendid meeting in the afternoon. A large crowd stood round the open-air meeting at night, in front of the Gladstone Hotel, listening to the red-hot testimonies. The barracks was crowded inside. We listened to the story of the two ex-prisoners, who, by the grace of God, got saved in prison, shut away from the outside world and forsaken by friends. When hope was almost gone, God, through the iron bars of a prison cell, touched their sinful hearts and redeemed them.—S. McFarland.

OTHER SPECIALS.

Splendid open-airs meetings characterized the Chief Secretary's visit to the Royal City. The Colonel put in a full day, and delivered some red-hot salvation talks to good congregations. One capture was made. Another young man got saved Sunday night after he went home from the meeting. He came the following night to the meeting to tell us about it, and had also told his workmates. He means to be a soldier.

"The H. F. prospects at Barrie are excellent." So said Major Collier on his return, after spending a week-end at this corps. The meetings were a great success, crowds the largest for months, and three souls for salvation and holiness.

Staff-Capt. Manton returned from Hamilton II. with a deep bass voice as a result of his endeavors during the week-end. He reports good times, with increased crowds and finances.

Staff-Capt. Morris and Capt. Arnold led the forces at old Richmond St. all day on Sunday. Throughout the presence of God was felt. Officers and soldiers worked well. Closed at 10:15 p.m., with three sinners at the Cross.

Adjt. Attwell brings a good report from St. Catharines, where he conducted the meetings on Sunday. The crowds and collections were excellent, and the prospects for Harvest Festival are bright. The meetings were of a lively character.

Adjutant Morris conducted in all eleven meetings on the occasion of his visit to Newmarket. A full program for Saturday and Sunday. Two souls sought salvation, and have already signified their intention of becoming soldiers. The officers are working hard to reach their H. F. target.

October 2nd, 1900.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

The latest news from China gives the information that the Emperor is anxious to appease the Allied Powers. He has degraded Prince Tuan and such members of the council as were friendly to the Boxers.—|—The United States and Russia are withdrawing their troops from Pekin. The U. S. A. minister and a guard remains, but the Russian minister is going to Tien Tsin.—|—Definite peace negotiations have not yet commenced, because the allies have not agreed upon a course of action.—|—The latest news is that France is proposing a measure which is believed to be acceptable to all the Powers concerned.—|—France has decided to spend seventy million francs on the Chinese expedition.—|—The British gunboat "Robin" has shelled the village of Lukiao in retaliation for the inhabitants firing on a British steamer. The ring-leaders were afterwards captured and flogged.—|—The Russians engaged a Chinese force near Sanchakan, and after an obstinate fight, defeated the enemy, killing 43 Chinese.—|—Field Marshall Count Von Waldersee reports that the situation in China is critical, and that a general up-rising of Central and Southern China may be expected.

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWS.

Lord Roberts received on his birthday the appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, in which capacity he succeeds Lord Wolseley.—|—A report is circulated that peace will be proclaimed on October 11th, the anniversary of the beginning of the war: on the other hand it is argued that the annexation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal does away with the necessity of a peace proclamation.—|—General Baden-Powell is taking charge of a police force of twelve thousand men, which is to maintain order in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.—|—Four hundred Transvaal refugees have sailed from Lorenzo Marquez, a party of Irish Americans among them.—|—All the members of the Canadian Postal Service in South Africa have been promoted for efficiency.—|—The total casualties of the British forces in South Africa are reported to be forty thousand.—|—The British soldiers at Koomatipoort saluted the Portuguese flag, and had a parade in honor of the birthday of the King of Portugal.—|—The Boers made an attack on Pinnars River, but were repulsed.—|—General Botha seems determined to keep up hostilities.—|—Two soldiers killed and eighteen wounded was the result of an explosion of Boer ammunition, which the Gordon Highlanders were destroying at Koomatipoort.—|—Great Britain has not objected to Mr. Kruger going to Holland in a Dutch warship, providing he does not take state documents and gold with him.—|—Lord Kitchener is supposed to assist Lord Roberts in his new appointment.

NORTH AMERICAN NEWS.

Premier Marchand, of Quebec, died Sept. 25th. He was buried by the State.—|—The murderer of Governor Goebel, of Kentucky, has been found guilty and sentenced to death.—|—The Canadian Pacific Railway is preparing to erect extensive workshops at Weathore, to employ fifteen hundred men.—|—All imported fruit trees are now being fumigated to prevent the importation of the San Jose scale.—|—Bread has advanced two cents per loaf in Montreal.—|—Counterfeit ten-dollar notes of the Molson's Bank are being circulated in Ottawa.—|—A cyclone struck Morristown, Minn., killing thirty people and doing great damage.—|—Fire, extending for one hundred and fifty square miles, is doing great damage in California, the loss being estimated at a million and a half dollars. The flames are still unsubdued.—|—The Pennsylvania coal strike is still unsettled. Most of the employers have agreed to increase the wages of the miners, but the miners desire the recognition of the presence of the Miners' Union.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

The French Army has extensively introduced automobiles, which have proved so great a success in their recent manœuvres.—|—So far the British elections have resulted in the Conservatives holding their own.—|—The Fiji Islanders are taking steps to federate with New Zealand.—|—King Leopold of Belgium intends to abdicate to settle quarrels of rival parties.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The General's day at Halifax had a crowning climax. Sixty men and women sought pardon. The General will next visit his native town of Nottingham, where he will meet with, as he always does, a loyal reception.

Brigadier Laurie, of the Home Office, has been appointed to the City Colony of the Social Scheme, as Chief Secretary.

Adjt. Murray and Ensign Hurley, of the Naval and Military League, have returned to England.

The Chief of the Staff continues his instructive talks to Corps-Cadet Guardians, on Monday evenings, in the new Council Chamber at the International Headquarters.

Mrs. Booth held a very successful meeting in South London last week, occupying the pulpit of the Rev. Tolfree Parr.

The General has cabled to the United States his sympathy with the Galveston sufferers, together with $250 to the Relief Fund.

Commissioner Cadman has just concluded a successful campaign at Sheffield.

AUSTRALIA.

A feature of Victoria's Social Annual was the dedication to the poor of a small Ambulance and Medical Mission, which will be operated in connection with our Slum Work.

The Memoral Hall, Adelaide, with its costly and complete improvements, has just been re-opened by the Commandant.

The Special Contingents, now touring the Colonies, are meeting with immense success.

October 20th to 26th are the dates for Australia's Self-Denial. The paper used in printing the Self-Denial stationery weighed nearly five tons.

A new Prison Gate Home is being opened at Abbotsford.

Australia has now nearly 1,900 officers.

NEW ZEALAND.

The circulation of the New Zealand War Cry is nearly 18,000 copies per week.

A five days' "Siege" is being conducted by Major and Mrs. Estill in Auckland.

Two Chinamen at Greymouth did respectively the sums of 10s. and 10s. 6d. for the Famine Fund. Velly nicee.

The Christchurch corps brass band rendered choice Salvation music in the Band Rotunda (kindly lent by the Mayor), on Famine Sunday, in aid of the Famine Fund. A vast crowd of people stood round.

The Woolston brass band also played on Sunday last in the Band Rotunda, and kindly handed over the proceeds to the Army for the Famine Fund.

A gentleman from New Zealand, bearing a letter of introduction to our International Headquarters from the Premier of the Colony, has arrived in England to study social problems. He is enquiring into systems of relieving poverty and misery other than the Poor Law system, and he will visit the Salvation Army Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh, and the City Colony, at an early date.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Kilbey is conducting "Two Days with God," at Cape Town.

Commissioner Kilbey, in company with the Chief Secretary and the D. O., Staff-Capt. Cunningham, have just done a tour on wheels. Wet weather, unfortunately, was their portion.

Adjt. Murray, before leaving Natal, made arrangements for opening a Soldiers' Home at Harrismith.

S. A. Missionaries to the natives south of the Zambesi are urgently needed, many thousands of natives being totally unprovided for, so far as salvation effort is concerned.

The tide of difficulty, against which our South African comrades have been so long struggling, seems to be on the turn, judging from the following from the Editor of the South African War Cry. He says: "Slowly, but surely, the circulation of the War Cry is increasing, as evidences of fierce conflict outside are on the wane, and districts are again settling down. True, we have a lot of leeway to make up, as a consequence of outward strife in the past, but we thank God for the signs of the times, which are distinctly favorable."

UNITED STATES.

The Consul received a most enthusiastic welcome on her return to the National Headquarters.

The Pacific Coast Press is giving considerable space to the S. A. Harvest Festival.

At the Chinese Corps, San Francisco, a Chinese woman was converted Sunday, Sept. 9th, and a Chinese man the next evening.

Brigadier Brengle will shortly visit the Pacific Coast Province.

Coroner Schwab, of Cincinnati, has rendered a most favorable verdict on the late lamentable nursery disaster, and pays a high tribute to the work of the Salvation Army among the poor and neglected children. The Coroner highly eulogizes the heroism displayed by our devoted comrades, Staff-Capt. Erickson and Captain Anderson, who died like heroes for the lambs of their fold. We give particulars of the funeral services elsewhere.

The Army's Relief Expedition is rendering valuable assistance to the Galveston sufferers.

Outside premises have been secured for the New York Men's Training Garrison which has hitherto been conducted on the National Headquarters Building.

The Annual Cherry Tree Home sale takes place in the early part of December.

A well-known opium fiend has lately been converted at New York I. A night or two previous to his conversion he went home to his opium den, where he had twelve layouts, smashed up all his pipes, drove smokers from the place, and announced his intention to lead a different life.

There is a parable of supernatural activities in the poetical tradition respecting the Æolian harp. God the Lord is our Æolus, the harp is the human heart, and the invisible fingers of the wind are the multiform divine energy. God is ever a revealer when men are receptive. In such consideration lies the deep and occult reason of prophecy and true poetry.

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL CONDUCT

Three Grand Meetings in Toronto.

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION,

SUNDAY, OCT. 21st, 3 and 7 p.m.

SUBJECT FOR AFTERNOON:

"The Broken Link."

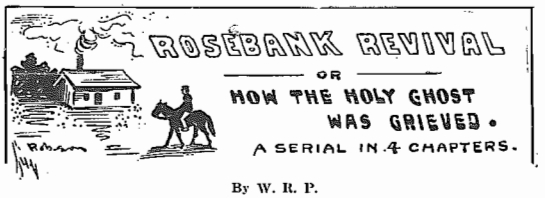
SUBJECT FOR NIGHT:

"Five Years After."

MASSEY MUSIC HALL,

SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 28th, 7 p.m.

"Toward a Better World."



By W. R. P.

☞ The incidents recorded in this narrative are all painfully true, but are told for the glory of God, and as a warning to Christian workers and others. Also that the difficulties that Salvationists have to contend with in some countries may be understood and prayed about.

CHAPTER I.

Capt. Copperfield was out visiting in the mountains of Jamaica. The people's houses are so far apart in some places that on this occasion he was riding a mountain pony, so might be described as a Salvation scout, or out-rider.

Coming near to a house on the road-side, he was startled with such cries as: "Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, save me!" and others that told of a soul in dire distress. They came from a cottage, the door of which was open, so, dismounting from his horse, he walked towards it.

A black young woman—a negress—(and I might say, at once, that all the characters in this sketch, save one, are of the same race) was lying at full length upon the floor, apparently in great bodily pain. The house-master, his wife and children, were also in the room, and the first-mentioned at once volunteered this explanation:

"I'm glad you've come, Capt'in; de Lord is 'peaking to dis nyoung woman. She tek (take) down under deep conviction from early dis mornin', but she can't fine peace yet. We would glad of you could pray fe him, sah."

"Are you a Christian yourself?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "me an' my wife was converted in de great revival o' '60, when we was quite nyoung, but now we jine de Moreleavenites."

"Before we pray for her, is there anybody else," asked Capt. Copperfield, looking around, "that would like to get converted to God this morning?"

And seeing the man's eldest daughter, and two lads who had just come in, looking sad, it was not long before he had them on their knees before two chairs, which made a good penitent form. There they all wept and prayed together.

"Dem is no goin' fe get true (through) dis (just) now," said Bro. Whitehead, the housemaster, and then he gave out, two lines at a time, a long metre Moreleavenite hymn, which did not seem to facilitate matters. But they evidently knew it well, and sang it well together.

"If you have repented of your sins, and now make a full surrender of yourself, you must believe just now that God, for Christ's sake, DOES pardon them all," said the Captain aloud to the penitents.

"Me is waitin' on de Lord, sah," was the reply he got.

Just then a young woman, together with a young man, apparently her brother, came into the room singing a lively Salvation Army song, and shouting for joy. They were evidently new converts, who were either converted through, or had lately "rubbed against the Army," as the saying is.

With this spiritual reinforcement, it was not long before those seeking salvation were on their feet, singing, "Peace, peace, wonderful peace!" for they had found it.

Then there was an introduction, and an invitation. The rejoicing young woman was Miss Love Williams, and the young man was her brother, Daniel, both of whom had been converted yesterday! Would the Captain come down to their house, where there was another sister recently converted, and two others on their knees seeking salvation?

Of course the Captain would; and it was not long before he found himself there, praying for two hardened sinners, who were doubtless under conviction, but said they could not pray for themselves.

And he was also introduced, by her mother, to Miss Lilly Williams, who smilingly told how the Holy Spirit had come to her heart, and was visiting the village of Rosebank.

She spoke good English—having been a school-mistress—and said, "After your Demonstration at B——, one of your female Captains rested at the house of some friends of mine, when returning to her station. The rain stopped her there the night, and after speaking and praying with the three sisters they all got converted before she left. The next morning, at family prayers, conducted by them, their mother received the Spirit, and began shouting for joy. I heard about this and was much surprised, as I had always considered them to be Christians. But when I went to see them in the afternoon, I saw plainly that they had received something that I was a stranger to. 'You need to be converted, Lilly,' said one of them; and then the thought came to me, 'I wonder whether I am really a Christian or not. Perhaps, after all, I am not on the road to heaven; and if I am not, I must be on the road to hell.' So I returned home, feeling very sad and miserable. I could not eat my dinner; neither could I sleep when night came. My mother noticed that something was the matter with me, although I tried to hide it. So did my sister Frances, or Love, as we call her. So at last I told them to sing a hymn out of Sankey's for me. Then I began to pray aloud, and suddenly the Holy Spirit came upon me, and filled me to overflowing with unspeakable joy. Mother says she has not seen the like since '60 revival. Then Love, and afterwards Daniel, who had been living a bad life, cried to God for mercy, and I found myself directing them what to do. So both of them received the Spirit, and we now rejoice together. The Army songs are very sweet, and our blessing all came through the Army," she added.

"A black young woman was lying at full length upon the floor, apparently in great bodily pain."

Lilly's face reflected the joy she felt and told about when she related this story; so bidding them good-bye for the present, and promising to return on the morrow, and to pray for them in the meantime, Capt. Copperfield mounted his horse and rode to his quarters, two miles away.

CHAPTER II.

On returning the next morning, the Captain found Lilly and Love, with some others, standing in the village street, outside of a house where some people were evidently under conviction of sin, and were singing and praying.

"The fire is spreading," said Lilly. "Do you know what fire I am speaking about?"

"The fire of the Holy Spirit. Oh, for more of it!" replied the Captain.

"Glory be to God!" she shouted, like a full-fledged Salvationist.

"Amen!" said her sister.

"It is spreading," she continued. "They sent for me to come to this house last night, as the woman who lives there began to weep on account of her sins. Her eldest boy has since been taken down, but has not found peace yet. God is speaking to some others there. We will go and pray for them, after I have got your advice on something."

She then related how that in a vision, God had sent her to warn three people in the village of their sins. Two of them had received the warning thankfully, had confessed their sins, and, on being prayed with, had received pardon.

But the other one, Virginia Blackwood, a married woman, had got very angry, but—strange to say—had taken off a gold ring which the schoolmaster (who lodged at her house) had given her to wear. Since then, however, she had replaced the ring, and loudly declared that "she would not listen to any Salvation Army fanatics; she had her own church," etc. What was Lilly to do? That was the question.

"I don't see that you can do anything but pray for her," said Captain Copperfield.

"Let us pray at once," and in the road, under the shade of the pimento and orange trees, they knelt down and prayed, and received a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire.

"Glory! Glory! Glory be to God!" they shouted, "What a wonderful Saviour!"

When the lightning comes the physical atmosphere is cleared; when the Holy Ghost comes the spiritual atmosphere is freed from many retarding influences.

Capt. Copperfield, together with his new co-workers, put in a day of successful visitation "in the power of the Spirit," and one by one souls surrendered to God.

But if the devil had been caught napping, he was now thoroughly aroused. He set at once about slandering everybody connected with the revival, especially the Captain.

It is to be feared that even some Salvationists were influenced in a measure by the reports; for when a few of the Local Officers were asked to go to Rose-Bank to assist the converts in the revival there, none of them "found it convenient" to go.

(To be continued.)

Wrong Feelings Toward God

By GEO. D. WATSON.

When we really love God we have a deep sensitiveness as to how He is treated by His creatures, and we are grieved at heart at how little God is appreciated and loved by mankind. Reckoning ourselves dead to sin is only the negative side of full salvation; and the positive side, which is more powerful and more blessed, is to reckon ourselves alive to God through Jesus Christ—that is, alive to God by being united to His Son Jesus, so that we sympathize with God and feel for Him and His interests in every direction. The ultimate form of human depravity is hatred to God. Perhaps we cannot find anyone who will frankly admit that he hates his Maker, and yet in ten thousand ways people ignore God in all their writings, and conversations, and dealings. Notice the newspapers and magazines and current literature, and see

How Studiously God is Left Out

as if He did not exist, and any faint allusion to Him is covered over by secondary causes, or by impersonal expressions in which He is referred to as the neuter noun of creation, or a far-away power, or at best an over-ruling Providence; but God as a person of infinite knowledge, and goodness, and love, Who deals minutely with every person and every event, is never referred to except by real Christians, and, as a rule, only those Christians who know the baptism of the Spirit.

Then, notice how people get nettled and out of humor when they see something like God coming in sight, or getting in their way. For instance, worldly people cannot bear to see a Christian return thanks at the table in a hotel, or read his Bible on the train, or mention God's name in connection with coming judgment. The very sight of God's law, especially in any form of authority, seems to chafe the great mass of mankind—as when Christians refer to keeping the Sabbath Day sacred, there will be slurs about the old laws of the Puritans; or when the claims of God are spoken of, how quickly people will speak up as to

Their Personal Liberty

and having a right to do what they please with their own; or when revivals of religion are spoken of, what a tirade will be let loose against emotional religion, and about frightening people into salvation. It is impossible to bring God or His laws in sight of a natural heart, or the corrupt world, without instantly developing a dislike for the things of God, showing that out of the bottom of men's hearts there is positive hatred for God.

Even among Christians, who have experienced some measure of grace, there are often wrong feelings about the Lord, such as murmuring at His dealings, or thinking that He is partial in His favors. Just as long as any sin remains in the heart there is a disposition to either think or feel wrongly towards God in some direction or some measure. Even though the soul may truly love God and desire to love Him more, it has to often struggle against its own hardness and unbelief towards the God Whose essence is love; and only when the whole heart is purged with the blood of Jesus, and the Holy Ghost enters as the Comforter, is there a sense of

Perfect Harmony with God.

Before the heart is filled with Divine love there often comes a suspicion against God that He wants too much of you—that His demands as to service and sacrifice are exorbitant, and that, like the Jew of Venice, He is contending for His pound of flesh. How long it takes us to deal generously with our blessed Maker, and instead of thinking that He is impartial or severe with us, of loving Him so largely that the only question is how much can we love, and how much can we do, and our most sincere grief is that we love and do so little for Him.

There is another wrong feeling towards God, and that is indifference—where the soul seems to want to be left alone and not have the heart aroused to His claims. There are many literary men, who, in various forms of expression, have betrayed this feeling—that if God would let them alone they would be content; but, alas! such a thing can never be, for

God Must Intermeddle with Every Creature

in the universe, and deal with every responsible soul, and give out His rewards and penalties to every act and thought and every affection in the souls of men, and it is impossible to escape His almighty grasp.

A life of peace is more than mere submission to God, and more than simply having all wrong feelings for God purged away. It must consist in loving God, in preferring His choices, in confiding in His wisdom, in never having a suspicion as to His government, or the infinite righteousness and love in His administration.

Yes, it is even more than this—it is to admire Him, to feel with Him, to enter heartily into His glory, and be touchy as to His honor, and to so love Him as to hate our own natural lives in contrast with our love for Him. Instead of wanting God to merely save us, it is a yearning for His constant companionship in every step of life.

This is the way to live in constant peace—by being in union with Him Who has infinite peace.

FROM THE FIGHTERS AT THE FRONT

Reports of the Great Electioneerings in Ontario and Quebec.

Who Will Represent YOU Before the Judgment Throne: Christ or Satan?

See Our Numbers, How They Swell.

TRENTON.—We have just enrolled four recruits, and have some more to enrol. Although we are going ahead the enemy knows we are around.—Capt. J. Slater.

Special Meetings During the Fair.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—We have had some good times since our last report to the War Cry. During the Fair the officers, and quite a number of others, paid a visit to Capt. McNaney, of Sherbrooke. The Captain is one of St. Johnsbury's former officers. Several good earnest meetings were held, both indoors and out, and the visitors will not soon forget the kindness of the Sherbrooke friends. Special meetings were

Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

held here during St. Johnsbury Fair, last week. Capt. McNaney was present to help push the good work along. One day the Army held a meeting on the Fair Grounds. This was a new departure, and no doubt accomplished some good. We forgot to take a bundle of War Crys with us, and were sorry, as many might have been sold on the grounds. An encouraging feature here is the interest taken in the outpost at St. Johnsbury Centre. A meeting is held there every Monday evening, and the people turn out well. We are looking for soul-saving success, and believing for it, too. Praise the Lord!—W.C.R.

A Comrade Farewells.

ST. THOMAS.—Friday night was farewell meeting to Bro. Burney, and a blessed time was spent. Bro. Burney has been a soldier here for the past two years, and a J. S. Sergeant; but the Lord has a larger sphere for him, so he has gone to the front. We are very sorry to lose our comrade, but St. Thomas' loss is In—'s gain. Three souls for week-end.—W. J. T.

A Hallelujah Wedding.

LISGAR ST.—Major and Mrs. Collier led special meetings here all day on Sunday, and God wonderfully blessed their meetings by bringing back two backsliders, one a bandsman who had fallen from grace, but has been very miserable for a long time. He had almost broken his mother's heart; but, thank God, the family chain is now unbroken. In the night's meeting a sister cried for mercy, and got up from her knees with her sins all washed away. Four backsliders held up their hands. May God bring them back again. Both our Senior and Junior corps are doing well under the present management. We have just had a Hallelujah Wedding, conducted by Major Turner, which was a very pleasant affair. Our comrade, the groom, Bro. David Stewart, for a bashful young man, did very well indeed, while joy and happiness shone from the face of the bride, Sister Maud Colen. May God bless them both, and keep them true to Christ and the Salvation Army. There are more to follow.—S. McFarland, R. C.

Three Comrades Farewell.

MILLBROOK.—The Local Officers, soldiers, and friends of this corps got up a farewell supper for the Homan comrades, who farewelled on Sunday for Lindsay. We are sorry to say good-bye to three of our old stand-bys, but join in wishing them God's blessing. Their lives, in this town, have told for God. Twenty-three of us sat down to the good things provided. Sunday afternoon one soul for salvation.—Capt. A. Crego.

Our comrades three we give to thee,
Fair Lindsay, C. O. P.;
If you treat them right they'll help you fight
The devil, don't you see.

Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

NEWPORT, Vt.—Our officers are away this week collecting for Harvest Festival. The meetings were conducted by your correspondent on Sunday. God blessed our souls. Two sinners sought salvation in the meeting conducted by Lieut. Ludlow on Wednesday night. We are marching on.—J. S. Morse.

H. F. Prospects Good.

STURGEON FALLS.—Since taking hold here, two weeks ago, we can report victory. Sunday, good meetings all day, the night meeting being one of power and blessing, and many under deep conviction. We are believing that ere long we shall have a great harvest of souls. Things have been somewhat dull here, during the past few weeks, owing to the pulp mills being closed, and many being out of work, still our meetings are very well attended, and we believe God is going to give us the desire of our hearts in the salvation of precious souls. We are right in the midst of our H. F. effort, the prospects for reaching our target being fairly good. Soldiers working well. God bless them.—Lieut. Edith Meader.

Splendid Specials.

INGERSOLL. — Major McMillan, Chancellor Phillips, and the Boy Trumpeters, were with us for week-end. A happy time was spent. Crowds and cash were very good. The boys were fine—everybody delighted with their splendid praying and singing. Our dear young friend, Willie Wakefield, sang sweetly, "A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother." He looked as though he found it so. Then the "Old Demijohn," and other songs, by the Major's boys, were fine, too. Many spoke of the boys as the finest specials for a long time. Major and Staff were kept busy too—meetings many—with census meeting, interviews, etc., filling up between. They have given us a lift on the way.—M. K.

Memorial Service.

BRANTFORD braves are plodding on. All at present are busily engaged with the Harvest Festival target. On Sunday, Sept. 23rd, the memorial service of our late comrade, Bro. Geo. Robinson, was held. As Adjt. McGillivray spoke of the faithfulness of Bro. Robinson, and of his sudden call to glory, and the uncertainty of life, God came wonderfully near. As the entreaty was made for someone to come and fill the vacancy caused by the death of our comrade, one dear man who had wandered from the fold, returned and consecrated his life to the Master's service. —O. Shoemaker.

A Live Religion.

ST. THOMAS.—Enthusiastic times all day on Sunday. We had with us that wonderful man, Ensign Hoddinott; and, say, when he has got Ensign Slote by his side they make things lively. We are still looking forward for greater times.—W. J. T.

On the Right Lines.

HURON ST.—We have just taken hold of the lines here, and by God's grace we believe we shall be able to drive our war chariot on to victory. Through the kindness of Ensign Walker we were enabled to find many of the friends and War Cry customers. The Ensign came over and introduced me to a great many people around the district. God bless him! We have had some good meetings since coming here. God is with us. On Sunday we were reinforced by Lieut. Sticklells in the afternoon, and Capt. Charlton, Capt. Crocker, and Cadet Crocker in the evening. God blessed the efforts put forth by saving two dear brothers; one of them used to stand at the front of the battle, but disobeyed God. He has wandered on for many months proving that the way of the transgressor is hard. Many more are under conviction. We are praying and believing for them.—Capt. and Mrs. Liston.

Will not be Behind in H. F.

OMEMEE.—Praise God, we are in the land of the living and hard after the enemy. Capt. Brant has said good-bye after six months' faithful service, and our new officers, Captain Fisher and Lieut. Lamb, have come to take charge. They are going in for God and souls. They do not intend to be behind in Harvest Festival.—Reg. Cor.

A Hearty Welcome.

FEVERSHAM.—We are still fighting away at the old devil. Two souls crossed the line from sin to salvation recently. We gave our new Captain a hearty welcome. God bless Capt. Young. We are determined to get our H. F. target.—Lieut. Marskell.

Many Special Events.

SHERBROOKE, Que.—It seems to me that it is some time since the Cry heard from this part of the battlefield. Nevertheless we are moving along. Our P. O. has come and gone, and we all say, "Come again soon." The man who said, "God did not make a man six foot long to be a failure," favored us with a week's visit, and didn't he get a move on? The nightingale and violinist,

Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke, P.Q.

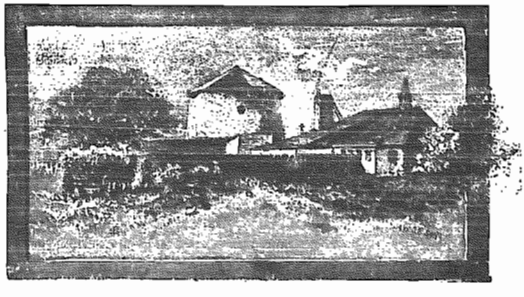
with comrades from St. Johnsbury, spent two days with us, and the people enjoyed their visit immensely. We are anxiously awaiting a visit from our T. H. Q. representative, but it seems a case of "We never speak as we pass by." Adjt. Robert did a good hit amongst the French-Canadians in the way of enlightening re Army work, etc. You may imagine the interest manifested when one man volunteered to foot the bill if the Adjutant would come again. If you want to put in a good time, try Sherbrooke for a week-end. Capt. McNaney is doing famously and has the corps well in hand, although she is alone.—One of the craft, Geo. D. Hazle.

Poor Sinners are Coming Home.

LEAMINGTON.—Since last report two more souls have been to the life-giving Fountain, and proved its cleansing power. Others are coming. Interest is rising. Harvest Festival is the topic of the day in S. A. circles. We are in for hitting our $67 target.—L. Branigan and A. Barner.

Farewell of Officers.

SUDBURY.—After seven months' hard fighting, in which we believe a work has been done that will stand the test of the Judgment, marching orders have reached both our officers. The Lieutenant has been stationed at Sudbury about three and a-half months. As good soldiers, ever ready to obey, they bid us farewell on Sunday last. I must try and tell you something about the meeting on Sunday night. The open-air, to say the least, was grand, hundreds standing around our open-air ring. After singing a song, and asking God's blessing on the meeting, testimonies were asked for. Several soldiers testified to God's saving and keeping power. The nightingale then sang a solo, the truth of which went straight to the hearts of the people. The Captain then waded in, and as she spoke the power of God held the crowd. The people quickly filled the hall, and as the meeting continued conviction settled on them. Although none yielded, much good will be the outcome of this meeting. The soldiers are more than ever determined to push the battle to the gates. As the officers said good-bye we felt that we were losing true friends, who had the salvation of all present at heart, leaders who were never tired of encouraging and helping those needing help, and who never lost an opportunity of dealing with sinners about their soul's salvation.—One who was there.

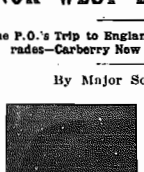


MARTELLO TOWERS, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

NOR'-WEST BREEZES.

The P.O.'s Trip to England, etc.—Old Comrades—Carberry New Barracks, etc.

By Major Southall.



Breezes from this locality have not reached the Editorial sanctum recently, but trust there has not been any serious results in the literary health of this sacred institution through want of fresh air.

The fact is, the recorder—though not the author—of the breezes, has been seeking the beneficial influences of salt water breezes for physical benefit, and at the same time dealing with family affairs.

Being in England, nothing was more natural than that I should want to see my respected sister-in-law and her husband—Major and Mrs. Van Allen. As Capt. Van Allen and Capt. Mary Langtry they were drafted with the first contingent to India, over 12 years ago. After doing service there for two years or so, they were invalided to England, afterwards transferred to Switzerland as Divisional officers. Major Van Allen is now Trade Secretary for France and Switzerland. The S. A. trade affairs is a big concern in those countries. However, I found them and they were delighted to hear of the progress of the war in their native land. Also enquired after a number of old comrades. They are having victory in their work, and pushing the interests of the war.

A most pleasant feature of my visit was the privilege of a few minutes' talk with our beloved Chief of the Staff—Mr. Bramwell Booth—which was not only pleasant, but very profitable.

Also a talk with our honored first leader—Commissioner Coombs—who is still deeply interested in Canada, and was delighted to hear of the progress of the war in this land. Then Commissioner Howard, to whose influence and practical training in the old Training Home days, I shall ever be indebted.

A very pleasant few minutes, also, with Commissioners Nicol, Pollard, Rees, and several prominent Staff Officers some of whom have seen service in Canada. It was an inspiration, and served to illustrate the spirit of love and brotherhood that permeates our organization, cementing in the bonds of comradeship the 15,000 of the bravest and most self-sacrificing people on earth—our gallant officers.

I had many surprises while away; also had one on my return. When I realized the extent of the undertaking my brave better half had assumed in the interests of the poor children of our Western Metropolis, involving a financial responsibility of nearly $800, I was surprised. However, it was done, and done well, as shown by previous reports.

The Winnipeg barracks is a beauty already, and the citizens are delighted with it. Best of all, it is as convenient as it is handsome. The brickwork is finished, and Capt. Lock is rushing the interior work.

The Rescue Work in this city is not often alluded to, but its success deserves mention. Those who measure the Salvation Army by the racket of the drum live in a small world, and are troubled with very impaired vision. It is remarkable to note the very small world some people do live in, and which finds its limits within the four poles of their house and yard. Their prayer—according to their actions, if not their words—is brief, but very expressive: "Bless me and my wife, our Jack and his wife, us four and no more," etc.

"Harvest Festival" is the all-absorbing topic just now, and our brave officers are rushing into the battle with Blood-and-Fire zeal, determined to overcome obstacles, and to reach the goal set before them.

It was a pleasure to grant Captain Gillam's request to open the new barracks at Carberry. It is a brick building, and the material is of the best, and the workmanship A 1, reflecting great credit upon the Captain, the Treasurer, and others interested. It was a very pleasant surprise to me, as I did not expect to find quite so neat and fine a building. The total cost is about $1,350, of which about $800 has been contributed or promised. Well done, Carberry.

With the failure of the crops, continued wet weather, lack of officers, etc., our mental powers are being taxed to the utmost to meet the exigencies of the war. One of the effects of this is an inspiration to appeal through the venerable columns of the Cry for a harmless prescription for hair-dye. Now, then, lassies, about the best remedy we can think of, is for you to send in your application as an officer. Why stay in a little world when a greater awaits your efforts and researches, and where you shall find gold, and silver, and precious stones which will bedeck your crowns, and will shine brighter and brighter as the endless cycles of eternity revolve—and when all the treasures of time will have been swept away and forgotten for ever. Apply right away—every moment is precious.

North-West News.

One Captured, Several Wounded.

MOOSOMIN.—"Victory!" is our cry. Good turnout Sunday, and, bless God, we finished up with one young woman in the Fountain. Others were hit by the straight Gospel truths. One man was in tears. God came very near, and we feel the better for it. We are having Mrs. Capt. Knudson, of Winnipeg, with us for a time. She used to be stationed here. We are hard after our H. F. target, and by God's help we mean to smash it.—Oscar Rice.

Hallelujah Wedding in Rat Portage.

It had been the talk of the town for some days; bills and tickets were out, and a general stir was being made over this very interesting affair. We were certainly not disappointed in a crowd, for when the march, which, by the way, was an interesting one, and enlivened by the use of red fire, arrived at the barracks, it was with difficulty that the comrades made their way through the crowd. The building was packed.

Sergt. and Mrs McDougall,
Married at Rat Portage, Sept. 12, 1900.

The meeting opened, Major Southall, leading off with his usual amount of go, and after some prayer, a few short addresses were given by a number of comrades; then a few words from the Major with regard to his recent trip to the Old Country and the work. After a solo by Ensign Habkirk, Major Southall read the Articles of Marriage, and Bro. J. D. McDougall and Sister Frances Adair stood forward and were made one. They were ably supported by Cadet Morris and Sister Tena Leadman. The happy couple are both of Rat Portage and have been good soldiers of the corps for some time. They have the prayers and well wishes of the community. After the service, the soldiers and a number of friends sat down to a beautiful wedding supper prepared by the sisters of the corps.—J. C. H.

From Farthest West.

Jim Hanson's Letter.

SKAGWAY.—The Prophecy of Isaiah xxv. 6, is surely being fulfilled in this place. God's children are receiving the blessing. Our crowds are improving, and best of all one soul took his stand for God this week. "We'll be gone to-morrow," seems to be the order of the day here. So many are continually moving north or south, yet, as they pass through, we try to show them the need of having Christ with them. Here is an extract from a letter I received from Bro. Hanson: "I am getting along very well. I am not feeling sick. I only think of God all the time in my mind and heart. I am very hungry for the name of the Lord." Our comrade keeps well saved, even behind prison bars.—E Gooding, C. O.

A Visit from Colonel Sowton.

BUTTE, Mont.—Things are on the up grade in Butte. Souls are being saved, and old smutty is pretty angry. Our week-end meetings have surpassed anything we have had for a long time. On Sunday we were favored with the presence of Colonel Sowton. The Colonel is master of several languages. In the morning the Colonel held a meeting in the Swedish Church, addressing the people in their language. The afternoon meeting was a hallelujah mixture of Swedish, Norwegian, German, and English. My, what a time we had! At night the barracks was well filled with a very nice crowd of attentive listeners. From the first song the presence of God was felt. The Colonel, who has a good voice, favored us with some of his solos. In the prayer meeting saints were blessed, sinners convicted, and after a hard and well-fought battle, we had the joy of seeing a prodigal return. May he ever keep the Cross in view. Harvest Festival is here again. We are in for victory, for all things are possible to him that believeth.—R. P., Reg. Cor.

The Train Was Wrecked.

KALISPELL, Mont.—The long-looked-for, much-talked-of visit of Major and Mrs. Hargrave failed to come to a successful issue on account of a train wreck; however, our G. B. M. man, Ensign Staiger, came to the rescue and we had a good time. On Sunday night one man came forward and we believe got gloriously saved. He was an officer many years ago, afterwards a minister. He has again taken up the cross. The lantern service, "The Saviour and the Dying Gypsy Girl," was much appreciated by a good audience, and by request was given again on Tuesday. Previous to this the enrolment of Mrs. James under the colors took place. We are doing our best for the Kingdom, the Harvest Festival included.—Lieuts. Tippett and Boyer.

Dancing Happy.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—A Newfoundlander was converted in our meeting on Saturday night. He was on his knees scarcely a minute before he jumped up like lightning and started to dance and give God the glory. He was out all day yesterday and was the last to leave at night. Two souls have found salvation this week-end. We are doing splendid with Harvest Festival. Soldiers never in better trim. Our meetings are largely attended, for which we give God the glory.—Capt. Sheard.

Visit of Major and Mrs. Hargrave.

VANCOUVER of late has gone through some changes, and amongst them is a change of officers. We have welcomed Adjt. and Mrs. Alward and Cadet Holder. Since their arrival we have had some beautiful times and souls have been saved. Our soldiers are getting into good fighting trim. Adjutant has about six feet of salvation, which often comes dancing out in his feet. Mrs. Alward sings until the truth sinks down into the hearts of the poor sin-benighted souls and makes them long to serve Christ. For some time now we have been looking forward to a visit form Major and Mrs. Hargrave. At last our expectation has been realized and we have seen them face to face, and a blessed time we had. On Sunday everything went with a swing. At night six souls sought pardon. Our Monday night's coffee social was a very good success. We are believing for a successful Harvest Festival.—B. Norman, R. C.

Still Plodding On.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have said farewell to Bro. Prinn, of H. M. S. Phaeton. He has returned to England. We shall miss him very much indeed; he was so bright and cheerful. The Captain arranged a farewell cup of tea after the meeting. We hope God will indeed bless our comrade.—M. L.

Several Bright Conversions.

BOZEMAN, Mont.—Although the fight is hard here we are toiling on, and under the able leadership of Capt. Meredith and Lieut. Johnson, some good is being done. Several bright conversions of late have taken place. We have had Mr. McConnell, the evangelist, with us, also a visit from our D. O's., Adjt. and Mrs. Ayre. No sleeping in the Adjutant's meetings.—Jas. Slack.

The Right Sort of Officers.

NELSON, B. C.—We have been having splendid meetings since the arrival of our new officers, Adjt. and Mrs. McGill are just the sort of officers we want. God bless them! We had one soul on Sunday, a backslider. A great many more are convicted, but seem afraid to venture out on the promises of God. We have got two of our old officers back, viz., Adjt. Woodruff and Capt. Haas. Capt. Haas is having rather exciting times in her travels through the Kootenay District. Sometimes riding on passenger cars, sometimes on freight trains, and sometimes on horseback, and last of all has occasionally to take the "Tie Pass." We have had a visit from the new Chancellor, who, I believe, has won the hearts of a great many people. We also had Ensign Staiger with us for a couple of nights (Wednesday and Thursday). On Thursday night he conducted a lantern service, which was very interesting. Look out for greater things from Nelson.—White Wings.

Again on the Move.

BUTTE, Mont.—Farewell orders have again reached us. Capt. Ziebarth, who has been in Butte for some three months has had to say good-bye to the soldiers and friends, whom she has learned to love, and in return they have learned to love and appreciate her and her earnest work. The Captain has been an example of faithfulness to the corps, her one aim being the extension of Christ's Kingdom. The prayers and sympathy of the soldiers go with her. On Tuesday night, while our soldiers' meeting was in progress, a dear man came to the door after tramping fourteen miles that day to try and ease his conscience, and said he was miserable on account of his sins and would get saved. We prayed, sang, and dealt with him, and we believe God saved him. Again on Sunday night a poor backslider wept his way to the Cross and got free from sin. What a wonderful Saviour is ours.—R. R., Reg. Cor.

Coming Events.

MAJOR TURNER,
accompanied by the
Central Ontario Songsters,
will visit

Collingwood, Friday, Oct. 12.
Meaford, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 13, 14.
Owen Sound, Sun. and Mon., Oct. 15, 16.

THE CENTRAL ONTARIO SONGSTERS
will visit

Meaford, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 13, 14.
Owen Sound, Mon., Tues., and Wed., Oct. 15, 16, 17.
Allenford, Thursday, Oct. 18.
Tara, Friday, Oct. 19.
Chesley, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 20, 21.
Markdale, Monday, Oct. 22.
Flesherton, Tuesday, Oct. 23.
Shelburne, Wednesday, Oct. 24.
Orangeville, Thus. and Fri., Oct. 25, 26.
Brampton, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 27, 28.
Aurora, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 3, 4.
Newmarket, Monday, Nov. 5.

Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers on Tour.

Annapolis Royal—Digby, and the Finish of Tour at St. John.

On Saturday morning we bid our friends in Kentville adieu, and boarded the "Flying Bluenose," en route for Annapolis. Soon we are flying through a lovely country covered with loaded fruit-trees. On board the train we meet Capt. Laws, from Sydney, who is also going to Annapolis for the week-end. Arriving in that city we were received by Capt. Lamont, with a couple of rigs to take us to our billets. After dinner we secured a rig and proceeded to "do the town" in good style.

The Musical Festival was the feature of the night's meeting, which was fairly well attended; the people voted it the best thing that had struck town for some time.

Sunday was a day of power. The Lord came night upon us and unto the people, but we are sorry to say that so many rejected mercy, and turned from their Saviour. Before the evening meeting the Major met the soldiers for a few moments and gave them a very helpful talk on "Responsibilities. Each one felt encouraged to go in to do their best, and we are sure the soldiers and friends of Annapolis will be to the front this coming Harvest Festival.

At the public meeting at night, we all felt God was near to help us, but the struggle was hard; but at last we had the joy of seeing one young man yield to the claims of God.

Digby.

Monday we had to say good-bye to our friends in Annapolis and start for Digby, but all the trains are late and so crowded that the writer and his friend of the "private bill boards," had to take a first-class seat on the platform of the train, to the great danger of losing our teeth and wigs. When we arrived at our destination we nearly lost ourselves in the crowd, but. Capt. Doyle skilfully piloted us to the truck waggons he had got for the baggage and the party. Capt. Doyle had arranged for our meeting to take place at night in a large hall. Down we marched, with the Chief of Police carrying our colors. When we arrived at the hall we found it well packed. Our gathering was indeed a success. Captain McElheney, at the close, addressed the people, warning them of the danger of putting off their salvation. Although nobody yielded to the claims of God, we believe good was done.

St. John.

Tuesday afternoon we had to leave Digby for St. John, to be present at the meetings of Lieut.-Colonel Margetts. The trip across was enjoyable in spite of the crowded condition of the boat, the passage being enlivened by music and singing, to the delight of all. At the wharf we were met by a team, which conveyed our belongings to P. H. Q., and so ended our first trip in the Province, which has been a success all round. Glory be to God.

MEMOS OF
The Maritime Provinces.

A Jolly Welcome.

ST. GEORGE'S.—We have had to part with our officers, Capt. Bell (who has taken charge of Somerset corps) and Capt. Brehaut (who has gone to the Hamilton corps). A jolly welcome has been given to Captain Clark and Lieut. Mowbray, who have come to lead us on. God bless them, and may He give them victory. Six backsliders returned.—S. M., C. C.

H M S. Officer Lectures.

SOMERSET, Ber.—On Friday night a lecture was given by Quartermaster Sergt. New, of Her Majesty's Service, which was very much appreciated. We had a splendid audience. We trust that the meeting will be the means in God's hands of bringing souls to Christ. Come again, Quartermaster.—C. E. Harrison, J. S. S.

Gramophone Service.

BRIDGEWATER, N. S.—Visit from Ensign Andrews with the gramophone, also Capt. Armstrong, from Lunenburg, on Tuesday, Sept. 11th. The selections on the gramophone were very clear and very much enjoyed by those present.—P. Hamm.

Our First Hallelujah Wedding.

SUSSEX, N. B.—Sept. 4th had been looked forward to with great interest and curiosity by many people, for an S. A. wedding is always interesting, and especially the first one to take place. The meeting is opened by Staff-Capt. Rawling giving out the first song, prayer by Adjt. Boggs, sister of the groom, a solo by Mrs. Adjutant Creighton, when there is a general stir caused by the entrance of the bridal party, led by Major Pickering, of St. John, the contracting parties being Sister Creighton and Bro. Wm. Boggs, of Milford, Mass. The bride was attended by Sister Hannah, and the groom by Sergt.-Major Creighton, brother of the bride. The 23rd Psalm was read by Staff-Capt. Rawling, and after a few introductory remarks by the Major, the nuptial knot was tied. The "I will's" were firm and distinct and the "salute" most graciously given. A telegram of congratulation from Staff-Capt. Creighton, of Toronto, was read by Major Pickering. After the bride and groom had spoken, the meeting was brought to a close, and the bridal party, relatives and guests assembled at the Army hall, where, amidst the abundant floating of Yellow, Red, and Blue, they partook of a sumptuous repast. We wish Bro. and Sister Boggs every blessing in their new sphere of labor.—The Click.

Short and Sweet.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Considerable wet weather of late has caused our crowds to diminish somewhat. We are pushing H. F. and "Victory" is our motto.—T. W. L.

Some doings in Quebec

Trades Union Meeting.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Good rousing meetings Sunday, when two backsliders volunteered to the Cross. H. F. is all the go now, and we are bound to win. Trades Union meeting on Thursday night was a grand success. People delighted. Proceeds went to pay for a library for the children. Sergt. Clark, from Charlottetown, P. E. I., who is sailing on the Revenue Cutter, greatly helped with his cornet. Capt. Thompson and Lieut. Smith rowed him on board after the meeting, in a tremendous rain storm, and they were like wet blankets when they returned.—Minnie Pike, Sec.

A Break.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—Major Pickering and the Hand-Bell Ringers were here for last week-end. Meetings good and largely attended, with three out for salvation on Sunday night. God is with us, and the comrades are keeping well saved, which is much to thank God for. —Mrs. S. Riley.

Some Doings in Quebec.

By ENSIGN JOE PARKER.

(Continued.)

Talk about the good old times! We had good new times, I tell you. Wednesday afternoon two open-airs were held; people crowded round, listened eagerly, and gave liberally to the collection; in fact, sometimes the collection was hurried upon us by people coming up and handing money to us unasked. In the evening another open-air, which for interest and help, was a repetition of the afternoon. In the inside meeting, one brother from the U. S. A. told how he had been paid to leave Sherbrooke many years ago, but God, through the S. A., had picked him up, and for a year now, he had been known as a true soldier of the Cross.

—⊕—

Thursday was a repetition of Wednesday, for interest in the meetings and financial results. As the open-air closed a number of persons rushed for the Captain with money in their hands, showing their hearty appreciation of our work. It was really remarkable. Some had anticipated a rough time in the open-air, but all was peace and good-will, and both French and English seemed pleased. Having Adjt. Robert, testimonies and songs were given in both languages. This was wisely planned and a great hit. I can really only remember one discord in the whole thing, when an old man asked a certain Captain if he had come from States Prison; but the next moment I heard him upbraiding himself for having said it, and as Capt. Downey was speaking the old man burst into tears.

—⊕—

But before I forget it I must record a very pleasing incident. It was an angel's visit. We are apt to think of angels as being young and beautiful, and forget that angels are beautiful spirits no matter what their form. An old lady was on her way to camp meeting, but missed her train connection. What could she do? A little girl brought her to the Salvation Army quarters. "I am a stranger to you, but not to your Christ," were her last words. She was brought in, made welcome, and looked after for the day. Every act backed up the simple beauty and truth of her first words. Before leaving, she spoke personally to each soul in the house, giving the sweetest Christian counsel, and her conversation showed her acquaintance with the deepest spiritual truths. She went away full of gratitude for the kindness shown her. But little did she know how deeply she had impressed her first words on each heart: "She was no stranger to Christ."

—⊕—

But did the S. A. go to the Exhibition, you ask? Of course. Why not? No one else was there to hold up Christ. Why should one cry, "Come, see the gorilla girl," another, "The sacred snake of India," "The beautiful ladies," "The strongest woman on earth," "Your fortune told for five cents," and all the cries that go to make up the side shows of an Exhibition, and no Christian stand there and cry, "Behold the Lamb of God"? The S. A. would do it. Capt. McNaney made her mind up to that, and marching a little band to the gates, she paid their way in. After much searching, the Secretary was found, and permission to hold a meeting on the ground obtained, and there not far from the "sacred snake," and the fortune-teller, we stood and lined out—

"There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!"

Needless to say, in a few moments a crowd gathered round. The fortune-teller left her birds and became one of the most interested listeners. We were only nicely begun when a man came forward with 50 cents, and a little later a dollar bill, and the old scene was repeated—a crowd drinking in the truth. I especially noticed one young man who appeared much interested. After the meeting was over he came to me asking to be prayed for. So going to the Exhibition was a success in every way.

—⊕—

One interesting, pleasing, and so-oft-repeated event that it became amusing, was the popularity of Capt. Owens with the Coaticooke people. The Captain has certainly won a large place in the hearts of the young men of the place. It seemed, go where we would, some young man would soon hail the Captain, and the heartiness of the greeting would show how thoroughly he had won their hearts. This is very gratifying, when it is remembered that he only spent a few weeks there. God bless the Captain and his warm-hearted friends.

—⊕—

Oh, yes, we had our lunch on the grounds. As we sang grace a crowd gathered, much to our amusement, but soon dispersed when they saw we lived by eating, like ordinary mortals.

—⊕—

But most startling of all was the last event on the grounds. We had only got started on our lunch, when, glancing up, we saw charging down upon us a company of French people. We were completely taken by surprise, there was no way of escape, our retreat was cut off, we surrendered unconditionally. You will not blame us when I tell you they were all armed with teacups, and declared they had come to give us all a cup of tea. They had actually lighted their fire afresh to do us this kindness. Truly a kind heart is a kind heart whether it beats in the breast of an Englishman or a French Catholic. God bless these dear French people.

—⊕—

But I ought to mention the kindness of Bro. and Sister Hazel, whose house was literally flooded with specials. They both spent many years as officers in our work, and are still active workers locally. May God bless our dear comrades, who, by opening their house to so many, went a long way towards making this campaign possible.

—⊕—

In three days eleven meetings were held, all expenses paid, and the corps helped considerably.

This Hand Hath Offended.

By CAPT. SHEARD.

So they took him away, history tells us, in speaking of Cranmer, and chained him to the stake, where he hastily took off his own clothes to make ready for the flames. And he stood before the people with a bald head and white and flowing beard.

He was firm now the worst had come. When the fire was lighted Cranmer, true to his latest words, stretched out his right hand, and crying out, "This hand hath offended!" held it among the flames until it blazed and burned away. His heart was found entire among the ashes.

Brave man! Thy zeal and courage must have been born from heaven, and to us that are left to view and read thy life, at least those thy last days, there appeareth even in the fire the form of another, even the Son of God.

No doubt there will be some to condemn, and say he had no need to suffer. It was only a vow, it was only a small thing; and why suffer for such a small thing and make all this ado? But to fully understand we must go back a little into Cranmer's life.

Protestantism was being tried, and being tried as by fire. To be out-and-out in those days meant something. Cranmer had already lost two good, faithful friends through the stake. While still in prison, awaiting further examination, he had been pursued (by craft and deceit practiced by those who professed to be his friends) to sign his recantation, not knowing really what he was about, but when released from prison Cole desired an open confession, every eye and ear were directed towards Cranmer, as he stood up and said, "I will make a profession of my faith, and that with a good will, too." With this he took from the sleeve of his robe a written prayer, and read aloud, and then knelt and said the Lord's Prayer. After he had risen again he said that he believed in the Bible, and in signing his recantation he had written that which was not the truth, and because his right hand had signed those papers, he would burn it first when he came to the fire.

True to his pledge, the hand that would have carried him back again into bondage, the hand that would have made him look great in the eyes of the world, and small in the sight of God, was held out into the flames until it blazed and burned and eventually fell at his side. Cranmer has suffered and paid the full price, even his hand which had offended God.

In our days of lightning progress we scarcely stop to think whether we offend God or not, so long as we are carried on by the crowd, but I want to ask young and old, while my own heart has been moved to its depths by the act of this noble hero of the Cross,

"Is Your Right Hand Offending?"

It is not always the hand that offends, sometimes it is the eye, sometimes the feet, sometimes the tongue. What are you going to do with the offending member, encourage it, or burn it?

Christ says, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

You will never be brought to the stake like Cranmer, but you will have to mortify the offending member, and this can only be done by the aid of the Holy Ghost, but it can be done NOW. Let us pray for that Spirit Who filled and flooded the hearts and lives of those brave martyrs of old.

COMPETITION CHAT

Where is the East?—Its Boomers' List is Lost, Strayed or Stolen—Ontario as Usual—Arab Leads.

Where is the East this week? No list has reached us. Can it be that the Hustlers are forgotten? Surely nothing so cruel. It must be that there is some explanation to these mysterious lapses, but I don't know what it might be.

In Ontario we are conservative. Arab holds the undisputed lead, Nigger and Mag follow at respectable distances. No comment necessary.

The individual Hustlers are well to the front. Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, is again on top with 225. Capt. Gibson is second (207), and Capt. Ziebarth and Lieut. Edwards are third, with 200 each. Mrs. Adjt. McGill reaches 180; other top Hustlers are Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, 145; S. M. Dudley, Ottawa, 141; and Lieut. Parker, 140. There are some in the East as well, but, of course, we have no list.

I thought that there might be some explanation to the missing list of the East. Major Pickering writes, just as we go to press:

"I see the Boomers' Lists have not been sent; the reason is, Capt. Stobbs has been very ill for nearly a fortnight, and away from the office, so this explains the delay. The Chancellor is also away visiting the corps in his District, but he will endeavor to let you have a list this week. Sorry the poor East has been defeated, but you know before the capture of Pretoria came "Spion Kop." The reverse is momentary. We are trying to keep a good heart under your sad prognostications."

I give assurance of sympathy with Capt. Stobbs, and pray that she may soon recover.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	207
Lieut. Edwards, Brantford	200
Lieut. Knuckle, Woodstock	143
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	115
Capt. Haley, Windsor	105
Mary Moore, Stratford	100
Capt. Sitzer, Galt	100
Lieut. Barner, Leamington	100
Capt. Heater, Stratford	91
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	84
Lieut. Carley, Windsor	80
Emma McDougall, Goderich	78
Eva Simpson, Guelph	77
Effie Massacre, St. Thomas	77
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	75
Capt. Howcroft, Sarnia	70
Lieut. Yeomans, Sarnia	70
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Strathroy	70
Capt. Hollett, Essex	68
Lieut. Haisey, Hespeler	67
Capt Jordinson, Forest	67
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	67
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	66
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Simcoe	65
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Lieut. Crank, Palmerston	60
Adjt. McGillivray, Brantford	56
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia	55
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	55
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	55
Sister Garrison, Petrolia	54
Ensign Wakefield, London	50
Fred Palmer, London	50
Capt. White, Clinton	50
Ensign Crawford, Galt	50
Capt. Fyfe, Wingham	50
Liet. Stickells, Wingham	50
Lieut. Horwood, London	45
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	45
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	45
Mrs. Adjt. McGillivary, Brantford	44
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	43
Capt. Campbell, Paris	42
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	41
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	40
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	38
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	35
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Lieut. Yeomans, Listowel	35
Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Ingersoll	31
Capt. Brooks, Thedford	30
J. S. S.-M. Henders, Hespeler	30
Capt. Kerswell, Strathroy	30
S. M. Jackson, Strathroy	30
Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	30
Bro. Virtue, Windsor	30
Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	30
Lieut. Plant, Bayfield	30
Lieut. Fennacy, Blenheim	30
Lieut. Cook, Ridgetown	28
Sister Ellis, Dresden	25
Capt. McCutcheon, Ingersoll	25
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	25
Capt. Copeman, Petrolia	25
Cand. Ellis, Sarnia	25
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	25
Capt. Thompson, Wyoming	25
Sergt. Anderson, Watford	25
Capt. Beach, Bothwell	25
Capt. Carr, Ridgetown	23
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	21
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
Ensign Slote, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Ensign Slote, St. Thomas	20
Lillie Dixon, St. Thomas	20
Mabel Clark, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Barney, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hockins, St. Thomas	20
Susie Hooper, St. Thomas	20
Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	20
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	20
Capt. Harman, Blenheim	20
Capt. Jarvis, Berlin	20
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	20
Capt. Coe, Goderich	20
Cadet-Lieut. Craft, Guelph	20
Capt. Bonney, Drayton	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

79 Hustlers.

Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I	140
Adjt. Moore, St. Catharines	102
Sister Bowcock, Lippincott St	85
Adjt. DesBrisay, Barrie	75
Capt. Matthews, Lisgar St	70
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	68
Capt. Stevens, Owen Sound	65
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound	65
Capt. Liston, Richmond St	64
Lieut. Griffith, Huntsville	56
Sergt. Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	52
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	50
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	50
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Capt. Lott, Meaford	50
Sergt. Danberville, Hamilton I	50
Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St	50
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	48
Capt. Brant, Chesley	45
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	45
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	45
Capt. Carwardine, Hamilton I	45
Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Capt. Huskinson, Newmarket	45
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	43
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	42
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	42
Capt. Connors, Collingwood	40
Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood	40
Capt. McCann, Hamilton II	40
Lieut. Letty, Hamilton II	40
Capt. Pattenden, Dundas	40
Lieut. Lougheed, Dundas	40
Lieut. McInnes, Lippincott St	40
Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay	40
Lieut. McGregor, Grangeville	35
Capt. Dales, Midland	35
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	33
Lizzie Jago, Barrie	33
Capt. Charlton, Huntsville	32
Mrs. Brown, Parry Sound	31
Lieut. Lamb, Omemee	30
Capt. Palling, Sturgeon Falls	30
Lieut. Leggot, Brooklin	30
Lieut. Marshall, Uxbridge	30
Sister Donaldson, Lisgar St	30
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I	30
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Mrs. Ensign Bale, Bracebridge	29
Sergt. Gofton, Temple	28
Capt. Liddard, Aurora	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Capt. LeCocq, Temple	25
Capt. Rennie, Bowmanville	25
Lieut. Greavett, Bowmanville	25
Capt. Howcroft, Gravenhurst	25
Lieut. Peard, Gravenhurst	25
Capt. Capper, Kinmount	25
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	25
Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside	25
Ensign Walker, Riverside	25
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	25
Capt. Trickey, Orangeville	25
Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls	25
Adjt. Goodwin, Hamilton I	25
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Fenelon Falls	24
Cand. Minnes, Brampton	24
Sister Gimbert, Temple	21
Bro. Whitesides, Parry Sound	21
Adjt. Cameron, Temple	20
S. M. Courtemanche, Norland	20
Lieut. Marskell, Feversham	20
Corps-Cadet Knibbs, Richmond St.	20
Mrs. Davey, Yorkville	20
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Currie, Hamilton II	20
Capt. Fisher, Omemee	20
S. M. Bowers, Lisgar St	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

60 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	145
Sergt.-Major Dudley, Ottawa	141
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	117
Capt. Burtch, Newport	111
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I	102
Lieut. Croser, Port Hope	90
Ensign Ottaway, Ottawa	90
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	80
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg	80
Bro. Marshall, Montreal I	80
Capt. Randall, Ottawa	76
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Capt. McLean, Cornwall	75
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	75
Sister Barber, Burlington	75
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Picton	75
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	75
Capt. Dawson, Deseronto	73
Mrs. Hayes, Napanee	70
Capt. Laug, Gananoque	70
Capt. Wood, Arnprior	70
Capt. Ash, Peterboro	65
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I	60
Capt. Carter, Belleville	50
Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	50
Capt. Slater, Trenton	50
Lieut. Northcott, Gananoque	50
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	45
Capt. Vance, Burlington	45
Lieut. Pittman, Burlington	45
Sister Nellie Werry, Peterboro	45
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	45
Capt. Pitcher, Brockville	42
Sergt. Merchant, St. Johnsbury	41
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	40
Corps-Cadet Stata, Odessa	40
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	40
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	40
Cand. Naugh, Kemptville	40
Capt. O'Neil, Kemptville	35
Capt. Norman, Quebec	35
Capt. Norman, Quebec	33
Capt. Edwards, Napanee	30
Sister Vacour, Montreal I	28
Capt. Tytus, Montreal I	25
Sergt. Mrs. Jewell, Picton	25
Lieut. Hoole, Campbellford	25
Capt. Mitchell, Campbellford	25
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	24
Father Duquett, Trenton	22
Mrs. Hartly, Peterboro	22
Addie Donnelly, Millbrook	21
Sister Yandaw, Ottawa	21
Ensign Sims, Peterboro	20
Bro. True, Peterboro	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I	20
Capt. Crego, Millbrook	20
Sister Crawford, Quebec	20
Sister Sheppard, Quebec	20
Capt. Gammaidge, Sunbury	20

EAST vs. WEST.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

41 Hustlers.

Capt. Ziebarth, Butte	200
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Nelson	180
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Billings	100
Sergt. Moody, Vancouver	95
Sergt. Whipple, Vancouver	91
Sister McDonald, Helena	91
Sister Hoffman, New Westminster	84
Adjt. Stevens, Rossland	84
Capt. Walrath, Livingston	80
Cadet Buck, Victoria	80
Bro. Preston, Spokane	80
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	75
Capt. Owen, Revelstoke	73
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	70
Capt. Gain, Rossland	64
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Helena	64
Sister Mrs. Hawkes, Great Falls	62
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	60
Lieut. Morris, New Whatcom	55
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	55
Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops	50
Lieut. Boyyer, Kalispell	48
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	45
Capt. Scott, Victoria	40
Capt. Krell, Missoula	40
Lieut. Johnson, Bozeman	40
Cadet Holder, Vancouver	37
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Dillon	35
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	35
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman	31
Capt. Langill, Kamloops	30
Capt. Sheard, Great Falls	30
Sergt. Glen, Butte	30
Cadet Smith, Great Falls	25
Sergt. Conner, Vancouver	25
Bro. Buckner, Spokane	25
Cand. Wallender, Rossland	25
Capt. Southall, Revelstoke	22
Sister Sully, Vanconver	21
Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	20
Cadet Chilberg, Spokane	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

41 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	225
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	100
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	80
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	77
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	70
Lieut. Ferguson, Grand Forks	70
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	65
Father Harvey Valley City	60
Cadet Price, Winnipeg	59
Ensign E. Hayes, Brandon	58
Lieut. Cusiter, Jamestown	56
Capt. Hall, Souris	50
Capt. Barrager, Fort William	50
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	48
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	47
Lieut. Russell, Moorhead	46
Capt. Anderson, Bismarck	43
Mrs. Capt. Westacott, Carman	42
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Carberry	40
Lieut. McRae, Fort William	40
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	40
Capt. Beusou, Minot	38
Mrs. Rushbrook, Portage la Prairie	35
Sister Taylor, Neepawa	35
Capt. Hurst, Fargo	35
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	34
Capt. Cromarty, Selkirk	32
Lieut. Kreiger, Regina	30
Capt. Flaws, Virden	28
Capt. Woodworth, Grafton	27
Lieut. Quist, Portage la Prairie	27
Capt. Hammond, Fargo	25
Lieut. White, Edmonton	25
Lieut. Moller, Minot	21
Lieut. Scott, Larimore	20
Capt. Brown, Larimore	20
Capt. Westacott, Carman	20
Adjt. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	20
Cadet Lawford, Brandon	20
Lieut. Oxenrider, Minnedosa	20
Adjt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

26 Hustlers.

Sergt. J. Lidstone, St. Johns I	75
Sergt. Lidstone, St. Johns II	66
Cadet Bowering, Bay Roberts	39
Cadet LeDrew, St. Johns I	31
Lieut. Sexton, Western Bay	30
Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	30
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate	25
Lieut. Cummings, Harbor Grace	25
Cadet Dart, St. Johns I	25
Capt. M. Janes, St. Johns I	25
Annie Lodge, St. Johns I	25
Sergt. Mugford, St. Johns I	25
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns I	25
Sergt. Mrs. Peddel, St. Johns I	25
Sergt.-Major Ebsary, St. Johns I	25
Sergt. Payne, St. Johns I	25
Sergt. Hutchings, St. Johns I	25
Sergt. Hiscock, St. Johns I	25
Sergt. Gibbons, St. Johns I	25
Mary Blunden, St. Johns I	25
Capt. Bishop, New Harbor	20
Sergt. Woodman, New Harbor	20
Bell Peckham, St. Johns II	20
Capt. Moore, Clark's Beach	20
Mrs. Seaward, Heart's Content	20
Sergt. Bartlett, Brigus	20

KLONDIKE DISTRICT.

2 Hustlers.

Cadet Gooding, Skagway	81
Lieut. Long, Skagway	75

"Give a Dog a Bad Name," etc.

Reputation helps to make character. To be continually telling a boy that he is a bad boy is more likely to make him worse than better. To give a class the reputation of being the "worst class in school," and to keep noising it abroad, is not likely to raise the moral tone or discipline of the class. A man who has served out a term in prison for crime finds its hard to show himself trustworthy, because nobody trusts him. His reputation as an ex-prisoner clings to him, and, unless he is exceptionally strong of will, reform seems hopeless to him, and he sinks back to the level to which his bad reputation has been depreciating him. As the character of others depends largely upon their reputation, we should be careful how we handle that reputation.

Beauty is like summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.

Major Smeeton and Adjt. Turpin Welcomed.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Last week-end we were reinforced by our Provincial Officer, who is always welcome at old No. 1., also Major Smeeton, of Toronto. He is an old friend this way, and none the less loved for the years which have passed since he left our shores. We have received much help and blessing from his short stay, and trust he will again pay us another visit. I must not forget Adjt. Turpin, who has come to be the Chancellor of the Province. He was also accorded a hearty welcome. We are delighted to have his assistance in the band, to which he will be a great help. Our crowds are keeping up well, and the soul-saving work continues—18 during the past two weeks. Sunday's income was $35. Many are taking their stand as soldiers of the Blood-and-Fire. We anticipate big times in the near future, of which I will report in due time. —A. H. C., Cor.

A Victorious Day.

ST. JOHNS II., Nfld.—On Sunday we had the pleasure of having Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and Adjt. Turpin with us. The meetings were very interesting and much enjoyed by all present. The holiness meeting was a real heart-searching time. In the afternoon four souls sought pardon. At night the old devil was again defeated by six more getting the victory.—F. Smith, Cadet.

Nearly Drowned.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—On Saturday night we had a special time, one of our comrades lectured and another gave a recitation. The former told of the time he fell into the water, some miles from land, and the skipper searched for him until he thought there was no use searching. He then started for land with the sad news of the drowning accident. An hour after, however, another boat sailed along, and our drowning man was seen in the water and rescued. The recitation was a very interesting one. The people listened most attentively. One soul on Sunday night. We wound up with a hallelujah dance, giving God the glory for the great things He had done.—J. D.

Captain Building Officers' Quarters.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND, Nfld.—We are glad to report a visit from the P. O., Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, and Adjt. Turpin. We thought it a favor to get a visit from such worthies as these, and especially were we pleased with the gramophone service. Things are looking brighter than usual. Capt. Follett is working hard and is building a quarters, which is badly needed. We are praying that God's Spirit will be poured out and that sinners will be saved.—E. R. Jones, Sec.

A New Barracks.

HERRING NECK.—We are having the victory here, and souls are getting saved. Although the old ship was in a sinking condition, with fervent prayer, hard work, and the grace of God, it is again afloat, but would sail faster if some of the warm-hearted friends would send along a donation or two. We have started to build a barracks. Up to the present the people have helped us splendidly, and we are believing to have it opened by the last of October.—J. Reader, Lieut.

A New Lieutenant.

HANT'S HARBOR, Nfld.—After a short stay of five weeks, farewell orders have come to Lieut. Crew, who has said good-bye, donned the red braid, and been appointed to take charge of the work in another part of the field. May God bless the new Captain. She is followed by the prayers of every comrade. Lieut. Skinner takes her place. We gave her a real welcome on Sunday, and feel sure she will be the right one in the right place. We have some good soldiers here who believe in fighting H. F. is coming on soon, and that will mean plenty of prayer, hard work, and a strong trust in God, but we are on the winning side. Officers and soldiers are working unitedly, and our faith runs high for victory.—B. Harris, Capt.

Gramophone Service Attracts Great Crowds.

TILT COVE.—Since last report we have had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp. The gramophone service on Saturday night was very interesting. The barracks was packed full and the people enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Sharp read from the word of God and spoke with power. Sunday was a good day. Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp led us on to victory. In the afternoon the Brigadier dedicated three children to God and the Army. One soul in the Fountain. At 7 o'clock a big salvation meeting was held. God came near and blessed us. The Brigadier read from the word of God, and pressed the truths home. At the close of the meeting we were able to rejoice over three souls brought from darkness to light, making a total of four for the day. On Monday night another gramophone service was held. The barracks was again packed and the people were delighted. On Tuesday the Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, with Ensign Gosling, left us for a tour round the District. Come again, Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp.—L. Smart, R.C.

Faith for Harvest Festival.

TRITON, Nfld.—Just arrived at my corps in good spirits, where I met a band of Blood-and-Fire soldiers. Good times are anticipated here. One soul plunged into the Fountain last night, and bathed till every sin disappeared. More to follow. H. F. target is reached by faith and soon will be by works. "Desperation," is my motto, by the grace of God.—Lieut. A. N. Duder.

A Prosperous Command.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Since taking charge of this corps, two months ago, we have had some glorious times. One hundred and fourteen souls have professed to find salvation. The open-airs are away above the average, likewise the indoor attendances. The income is O. K., averaging over sixty dollars weekly. All current expenses, including full salary for officers, have been paid up, and now we have over one hundred dollars on hand. Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp have just spent a week-end with us. We had a grand time, with a number of sinners in the Fountain. The Citadel was packed to the doors, and many had to be turned away. Twenty recruits have been enrolled of late, and they all give promise of making good fighting soldiers. The J. S. work, under Adjt. Cave, has never been better. Of late an increase of twenty new attendants has been made. The income is going up splendidly. Two dollars weekly is good for the children; and a balance on hand of twenty-five dollars is no small amount. Treas. Stevenson is happy. We give God all the glory and march on in His name to greater things. We enjoy our work very much on the Island, and find a warm-hearted people here, who are ever ready to do all they can for us. We rejoice to know that Sergeants, Local Officers, Soldiers, and Juniors are bent on doing greater things in the future. Sergt.-Major Ebsary is doing well. All War Crys sold weekly. Timbrel band is in for great things.—Yours for the salvation of souls, J. S. McLean, Adjt.

Answered the Roll Call.

Bro. Charles Smith, of St. George's corps, has passed from this world and gone home to receive his crown of peace. Our deceased brother was a Gunner of the Bermuda Militia Artillery. When the annual training came on this year he was taken to the Station Hospital, as he was very sick. Our officers visited him every week and he was always glad to see them. His last words to his sister were, "I am all right." As his comrades-in-arms carried his remains from the hospital on their shoulders, headed by their fine band and a firing party, to the military cemetery, it was a sight never to be forgotten.—S. C. C.

Saved in the Eleventh Hour.

BRIGUS.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing two sinners come to God. One dear woman, a few hours before she passed away, sent for us. As we entered the room we saw that death was doing its work. As the Captain bent over our dear sister and spoke to her about her soul, she looked up into our faces and said, "Oh, no, I am not ready to die." While in health she had attended our meetings regularly. She would often say to one of our comrades, "I wish I was like you," yet she would not yield to the strivings of God's Spirit. When death stared her in the face she wanted God. While singing and praying with her, there upon her death-bed she claimed God's mercy, and passed away a few hours later, happy in knowing she would soon be with Jesus.—Lieut. A. Summers.

With the Ransomed Throng.

WINNIPEG.—"In the midst of life we are in death." Our Convert Sergt.-Major Robinson had been sick with fever, but was recovering very nicely when he took a relapse, and in a few hours the angel of death released him from his sufferings.

He had been a soldier for eight years, having been converted at Portage la Prairie under Ensign Aikenhead (now Mrs. Adjt. McGill). We gave him a soldier's funeral and laid to rest one who had fought for God and has gone home to his eternal rest. At the graveside we each pledged ourselves to be faithful to God and His cause.

Since then his little four-months'-old daughter has gone to join him in the praises of God around the throne.

Mrs. Robinson, who is in very delicate health, with four children, remain to mourn the loss of a husband and father, but they are wonderfully upheld by Divine power, and trusting in the promise that God will be a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow. Mrs. Robinson has the sympathy of us all.

Another promotion was the eight-months'-old baby of Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Ellis. She was a bright, cheerful child, but God wanted her in the Glory-land, and sent an angel and took her to Himself. While the parents' hearts are torn with grief, yet they say, "Lord, Thy will be done," and have promised to be faithful and meet their loved one in heaven.—D. F. McAmmond, Adjt.

A Triumphant Entry.

With mingled feelings of sorrow and joy we received the news of the triumphant entry of Sister Ellen Efford, of Dildo, Nfld., into the New Jerusalem. Sorrow because her bright presence is lost to us for a little while, but joy because she has been released from her much suffering, and is now reaping the reward of having "fought a good fight." She followed the leadings of God's Spirit. Her life was one of continual conquest, and her influence was of the most blessed character. Though she was naturally of a very quiet disposition, her death was the death of a true, Blood-and-Fire Salvationist. She only laid on a bed of sickness about a week, but her testimony was of the brightest, and in her last moments she looked up and sang, "Through the valley and the shadow I must go." We gave her an Army funeral. At the memorial service some glorious testimonies were given to the blessed life of our departed comrade, and seven souls volunteered to fill up the gap thus made in our ranks.—S. Bishop, Capt.

To Parents, Relatives and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St. Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

BAGGS, JOSEPH. Age 28, thick set, height 5 ft., dark complexion, mark on side of nose and eye. Last heard of in Roxbury, Mass., U. S. A. Wife enquires.

CURTIS, GEORGE HENRY. Last heard of 18 years ago in Surrey, Eng. Left two little boys with Grandmother Warner. Son John enquires.

NEILSON, JOHN. A native of Denmark, age 40, height 5 ft. 3 in., dark complexion, blue eyes. Employed on a new railway near Savanne, Algoma. Last heard of in February, 1900. Wife enquires.

CHRISTENSEN PETER. A Dane. Left Denmark in 1885. Last known to be in Nebraska.

CHRISTENSEN, ANDERS HOLLAND. 40 years of age, medium height, brown hair. Left Denmark 1880. Last known to be in 14th Infantry Band, Vancouver, B. C., in 1894. Friends anxious.

SWAPP, ALBERT J. W., alias Charles West. Age 21, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, fair complexion, blue eyes, forearm tattoed, big black girl, a tree with serpent coiled, a flower with "Joe" in centre. Left England in '98 for Pacific Coast. Supposed to be in Dawson City.

DUNHAM, GEORGE H. Age 51, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, heavy set. Left San Francisco for Dawson City in March, '98. Friends anxious.

GRIFFITH, ROLAND. Age 16, fair complexion and fair curly hair, height 5 ft. 3 in. Last heart of at Seattle, in March. Anxious mother enquires.

WOOD, MRS. RHODA. Age 23, brown hair and eyes, dark complexion, height 5 ft. 3 in. Last heard of in Almonte. English friends enquire.

Second insertion.

PALMER, MISS. Age 74 years. Last heard of 18 years ago. Of independent means. Was in the habit of taking children from England to Canada. Her father was Secretary of a foundling hospital. Any information concerning her, please address Enquiry, Toronto.

THORNEDLY, JONATHAN. Age 38, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, fair complexion. Believed to be working in a tin factory in Dundee, Quebec. Last known address St. Cunigonde, Montreal, Que. Any information concerning the whereabouts of the above please forward to Enquiry, Toronto.

MILLER, ANANIAS. Left St. Johns, Nfld., for Brazil, some 43 years ago. Medium height, dark complexion. Uncle enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

VAN ATTER, FRANK. Age 32, looks older, height 6 ft, dark complexion. Employed at Bell Telephone Co. Went to Klondike three years ago. No news for one year. Last known address Anvil City. May be in Nome. Had a team of nine dogs. Wife enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

McNAMARA, ALBERT. Age 35, very tall, 5 ft. 11 in., weight 170 lbs., dark hair tinged with grey, round face with deep dimples, strong, loud voice in singing. Last heard of in Toronto, at Exhibition time this fall. Dressed in dark suit. Wife and family anxious to know of his whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GUILLOD, DAVID. About 55 years of age. Was born in Sloan Square, Chelsea, England, and his home is still there, the property of his sisters. He is tall, slight, sandy, bordering on red. A gentlemanly, refined-looking man, wearing spectacles. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

OUR EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The Eighteenth Anniversary of the Advent of the Salvation Army in Canada, will be Fittingly Celebrated by a Series of

GRAND CELEBRATIONS,

Beginning with Saturday, Oct. 27th, and Ending with Sunday, Nov. 4th.

COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH

Will be in Chief Command, assisted by COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary, all the Principal Staff Officers, and Three Hundred Field Officers.

PROGRAM:

SATURDAY, OCT. 27th—Reception of District Officers in the Jubilee Hall. The Chief Secretary in Command.

SUNDAY, OCT. 28th—Morning and afternoon Anniversary Meetings in the Temple, led by Colonel Jacobs, assisted by Headquarters Staff, Provincial and District Officers.

SUNDAY EVENING, 7.30—At the Massey Hall—The Commissioner will deliver an address, "Toward a Better World."

MONDAY, OCT. 29th—Welcome Demonstration of Field Officers, conducted by the Chief Secretary. Addresses by the Provincial Officers.

TUESDAY, OCT. 30th, at the Temple. Morning—Officers' Councils. Afternoon—Council for Field Officers and Local Officers. Evening—Officers' and Soldiers' Congress. The Commissioner in command.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31st—Officers' Councils all day. The Commissioner in Command.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1st—Morning and afternoon Councils, conducted by the Provincial Officers with their respective officers.

THURSDAY NIGHT, 8 p.m.—At The Temple.

GRAND ANNIVERSARY DEMONSTRATION,

...Preceded by a Great Procession, and concluding with a solemn and impressive Covenant Service.

FRIDAY, NOV. 2nd—Staff Councils, conducted by the Commissioner.

SUNDAY, NOV. 4th—All Day of Salvation at Lippincott Street, conducted by the Chief Secretary, assisted by Headquarters' Staff Band and Provincial Officers.

Songs of the Week.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Harvest is passing (B.J. 25); Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9); Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19, B.J. 86).

1 O soldier of Jesus, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to strengthen thee now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God,
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Oh, ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice!
For ye shall be filled; oh, hear that sweet voice,
Inviting you now to the banquet of God;
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
Oh, poor troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
Thou shalt rest, weary one, in the bosom of God;
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

The promise don't save, though each promise is true;
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through;
It cleanses us now, oh, glory to God;
Step out on the promise—get under the blood.

Israel's Shepherd.

Tune.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170).

2 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art.

The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode;
Where saints in a ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My Spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast.
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

Salvation.

Tune.—Just as I am (B.J. 128).

3 Just as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place—
Oh, guilty sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world—it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed—
Oh, weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the Cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
His grace o'erpays all earthly loss—
Oh, needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis Mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
Oh, trembling sinner, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come—
The Saviour bids thee come!

Come Unto Me.

Tunes.—'Tis rolling in; or, My Maryland.

4 I heard a voice, it sounded sweet,
"Come unto Me, come unto Me;"
In loving tones it did repeat,
"Come unto Me, come unto Me.
Thou long hast sought for pleasures here,
Sometimes in doubt, sometimes in fear,
Yet nought hath served thy soul to cheer:
Come unto Me, come unto Me."

Chorus.

"Come unto Me, come unto Me."
'Tis Jesus' voice that calls to thee;
"I'll give thee joy and liberty—
Then leave thy sin and come to Me."

I listened to the loving call,
"Come unto Me, come unto Me."
I heard the words, "I died for all;
"Come unto Me, come unto Me."
And there I knelt at Jesus' feet,
Forgiveness from Him did entreat;
He greeted me with smile so sweet—
"Come unto Me, come unto Me."

Now I'll proclaim to all around,
Salvation's free, salvation's free!
Come, sinner, hear the joyful sound,
Salvation's free, salvation's free!
Come, to thy Saviour now draw nigh,
Thy longing soul He'll satisfy,
And thou shalt dwell with Him on high—
Salvation's free, salvation's free!

Solo.

Tune.—Ole Olson.

5 You've heard of the Salvation Army,
What a queer lot of people they are,
They sing, and they shout, "Fire a volley!"
While marching forward to war.

They form in a ring on the corner,
Or kneel in the street for to pray;
While a number of them tell the story
How happy they are in the way.

Chorus.

I am glad I'm a Salvation Soldier,
I've promised to stand brave and true
To the flag with the star in the centre,
The Yellow, the Red, and the Blue.
When fighting down here is all over,
And we to the City draw nigh,
We shall hear Jesus give to the faithful,
A glad welcome home in the sky.

Their uniform is quite peculiar,
The bonnets they wear on their heads,
They've S's, and badges, and ribbon,
And then there's the guernsey of red;
They have always the same kind of fashion,
It don't change with the Spring and the Fall,
In Winter, in Summer, no matter,
Our Army's the same after all.

Some people, they say it's excitement,
To our meetings they never will come,
They find fault with all of our methods,
Especially the dear old bass drum;
But in spite of it all we go forward,
And mean to be loyal and true
To the flag with the star in the centre,
The Yellow, the Red, and the Blue.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Bracebridge, Fri., Sat., Sun., and Mon., Oct. 12, 13, 14, 15.
Gravenhurst, Tuesday, Oct. 16.
Orillia, Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 17, 18.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Calgary, Friday, Oct. 12.
Lethbridge, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Oct. 13, 14, 15.
Moose Jaw, Wednesday, Oct. 17.